

# *The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.*

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



NOT a bit o' grub 'ad we 'ad thet dye barrin' a pivin'-stone and a cup o' thick at a early stall. We'd bin tu the rices, we 'ad, and we'd done no business neither. 'Cos why? 'Cos the 'ole plice were rotten with 'tecs—furly 'ummin' with 'em.

"See 'ere, 'Enery," says I, "thur's a bloomin' jooler's, and on'y one man in the shop. You drive yer elber through the glawss, don't tike nutthink, and then bolt as 'ard as yer can."

"Fourteen dyes," says 'Enery, "an' nutthink tu show fur it."

"No, it ain't. You shams drunk. Yer ain't took nutthink. You gits the opshun. If it's a fine, I pyes. Even if it *is* time, you can do it, and I can mike it right for yer."

"Yus," says 'e, "I see the gime." With thet 'e gives a lurch, 'smashes the winder, an' stawts horf on a sort o' interoxicated gallup. Coppers goes arter 'im, man in the shop goes arter 'im, crard goes arter 'im. And in course as soon as thet man nips art o' thet shop, I nips in and 'elps myself 'andsome.

Ho yuss! I pulls it orf sometimes.



## THE HUMAN CHAMELEON.

**A** VERITABLE sunbeam, warming and beautifying our chilly sojourn in bleak Pittendrevie, was Clarissa. She lived in an old castle two miles west of the village. In Pittendrevie we took our directions according to the points of the compass: thus, the tailor occupied the eastmost house on the north side, while the carrier

dwelt three doors from the west end on the south side: directions these that required a certain knowledge of longitude and latitude to fathom.

When worthy old Professor Prideaux retired from his post at Edinburgh University he bought Balmeny Castle, and settled there, determined to pass the remainder of his life in placid, uneventful fashion. He resolutely abjured newspapers, the name of student was forbidden, and, save for his weekly attendance at Divine service, he rarely wandered beyond his own demesne. Wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat tied with a ribbon under his chin in summer, and a fur cap with ear-flaps in winter, he delighted to potter about, making personal acquaintance with every flower and shrub belonging to him.

After a brief married life his wife died, and thenceforward Miss Prideaux, his dainty little white-haired sister, reigned in her stead, showing a mother's tenderness to his wayward daughter, and ever lamenting her brother's time-worn garments and ancient slippers.

It chanced that Mr. Babbington-Bright's father had been a crony of the Professor's, and for many years before death intervened the twain had main-



tained a regular correspondence on topics congenial as abstruse. So, catching sight of the old gentleman's benign countenance in the cold, empty parish kirk, Herbert introduced himself at the close of the service.

Later, I hinted that the halo of Clarissa's fluffy golden hair, which brightened a dark corner under the gallery, had held his attention, and led him to recall himself to her father's memory. Whereupon Herbert, who knows it wiser never to conceal his real motive for anything from the wife of his bosom, promptly agreed with me.

"She is a lovely girl, isn't she, Muriel? I hope we'll see a lot of her while we're here."

And see a lot of her we did. Clarissa clearly enjoyed our society as much as we enjoyed hers. On the wettest day a clatter of hoofs on the cobble-stones and a quick, light step on the stairs would announce the advent of that rare and radiant maiden, who would enter—rain-drops sparkling in her hair, a brilliant colour glowing on her cheeks—to jeer at us poor townfolk imprisoned by a shower. The girl's enthusiasms were delightful. During our stay she discarded all her wonted occupations and threw herself heart and soul into ours.

"What a lovely study, Mr. Babbington-Bright. O! how I wish I were an artist."

"Why not become one, Miss Clarissa?"

"I used to paint *quite* well at school. I *nearly* got the water-colour prize. I could easily if I had persevered."

"Why did you not persevere, dear?"

"O, well, I suppose I got tired. My examination picture was *awfully* nice, but somehow I never *could* be bothered finishing it."

On another day: "O! you *industrious* person—you are darning! *Do* let me help you. Why don't you scold the wicked Babs for tearing his stockings like that? I *must* do this one; you really *must* let me help you." Provided with scissors, thimble, and other needments,

she would work vigorously for five minutes, till something caught her eye. "O! is that *Punch*? Yesterday's? *How* nice! I love *Punch*." And when she had gone home I would find the stocking



under her chair, with the needle sticking in its still gaping rent.

Clarissa it was who organised the sketching picnic, and arrived in haste to start ere we had finished breakfast.

"You *lazy* folks, get on your things *quick*! I've found the most *exquisite* spot for Mr. Babbington-Bright to sketch. I discovered it last night. Trees, you know, and a crag and a waterfall."

"The waterfall ought to be magnificent, considering what we've endured in the way of rain," murmured Herbert. "Is it far away?"

"Only five miles; and it's quite sunny and mild to-day. Aunt has sent a little hamper with fruit and cakes and milk, so we will be independent, and won't need to hurry home." Then more timidly, "I've brought my colours. You remember, dear, you thought it good for a woman to have some *regular* work to occupy her mind. I think an artist's profession the *most* charming."

"It's the jolliest when you sell your

pictures," cried Herbert, showing himself a true brother of the brush; for who ever heard any of the fraternity confess to a comfortable income?

"Well, I mean to work *hard*. There

like to be a hospital nurse. I heard a lecture on nursing when I was with the Foulds in Edinburgh, and I came home full of the idea. Aunt thought it horrid, but daddy said it would be all right, only he would like me to gain some experience by visiting among the sick people near home." Wise old professor!

"And did you, dear?"

"Well, I began; but one woman coughed so dreadfully it always made me sick. And another *never* would have any fresh air in her room. She said the draught would kill her. O! it was *too* awful: so insanitary, you know; I was *forced* to give it up."

Our picnic was delicious. Babs and I wandered through the glades, and gathered flowers and berries and other objects of interest; while the others applied themselves industriously at their sketches. Clarissa was so engrossed with her work that she was with difficulty induced to pause for lunch; and her sketch, even critically viewed, was wondrous good. Doubtless, her drawing owed the exactitude of its proportions to a few strokes of her adviser's pencil, but yet her idea of colour was singularly fine.

"I really think you ought to have claimed that prize,"

I commented, when she pre-

sented her effort for my opinion.

"I'm sure to finish *this* one, dear; it only needs one more sitting. Then I'll amaze daddy with it. I'll have it framed, and hung in his snugger; and one morning when he goes in he *will* have a surprise. I must remember to telegraph to Edinburgh to-morrow for an outdoor easel like Mr. Babbington Bright's."

Two days later Herbert went to the Highlands to obtain a background for a figure-subject, and I remained in our Lowland lodging to complete a piece of work, "anent" which an inexorable editor was calling "Time!"

Clarissa burst upon me one afternoon as I was straining every nerve to have a proof corrected in time for the London mail.



is a room at the castle with a good north-light. I'll make that my studio, and work *all* day till I have a *tremendous* success."

The intense light of a great resolution shone in Clarissa's clear blue eyes. We gazed at her, admiring the strength of will evinced in the upright pose of her tall, slender figure. She seemed a girl to set her hand to the plough and not turn back. It was like a sudden drop to earth to hear her say a moment afterwards, "Can you lend me a lot of pins? I only pinned on the trimming of my hat; I forgot to sew it, and it's been blowing about all the way here."

"Do you know," Clarissa confided, as we drove briskly along behind her smart ponies, "I once thought I would



"How *busy* you are, dear; but you are *always* busy. I wonder you call this a holiday at all. O, of *course* I'll excuse you. Don't mind me at all. I'll just sit quietly here till you're ready for the post.

"Do you *always* write with the Waverley pen?"—turning over the articles on my writing-table. "What a jolly paper-knife! A smooth handle like that won't hurt your hand while you use it." A little pause followed, and then, rising and leaning over my shoulder, she said: "What *funny* things proofs are. Do you know, I never saw one before. I suppose all those queer little marks on the margin mean something. O! I am *so* sorry. My talk has confused you, and you have had to score out what you had just written."

The proof was corrected after much tribulation, and was tucked safely in the post; and then, over afternoon tea, our feet on the fender—for even in summer fires are comforting at Pittendrevie—she unburdened her mind of a brand new determination.

"It *only* occurred to me when I saw you at your writing-table, with the ivy round the window and the light falling on your head—and *all* that. Does your hair *always* get ruffled when you are thinking hard? It looks *sweet*, you know. Well, I have made up my mind to devote my energies to literature. Will you think it foolish of me to try?"

"Certainly not, Clarissa," I replied with all sincerity. "Every attempt you make to give your thoughts form will help to educate you."

"O! but I mean to take it up in earnest—to make it my profession. It is a thing one can do so nicely at home, and it is so lady-like. No one could object to my doing it."

"But your painting promised so well. Will you not persevere with that?"

"I don't feel inclined, now Mr. Babbing-

ton-Bright has gone. I'm convinced I could write, though. I once composed a story at school. It was about a lovely governess. By the bye, we *all* wrote stories that term, and they were *all* about the same thing."

"Were they all shockingly ill-used, and did they all wed dukes?" I asked.

"Yes, *all* of them," laughed Clarissa; "at least my heroine had a horribly insolent employer, and I *intended* her to marry a duke, but somehow I never got to the end."

"As a vocation literature is the simplest for a woman, it needs no preliminary college training, and its tools are of the cheapest," I observed, returning to our subject.



"I shall use the Waverley pen," said Clarissa, decidedly. "You seem to write so *quickly* with it; and I've got *such* a lovely portfolio with inkstand to match. I'll begin this *very* night."

"But writing, dear, is not merely a question of pen and ink and paper. Everything depends on what you produce with them. And, even after your share of the task is done, the difficulty for a new writer is to gain a footing."

"O! I know. I won't be easily discouraged," she cried, as she rose to leave, her cheeks glowing with new excitement. "I'll keep on *bombarding* editors with manuscripts, till my bombs take effect. You see the winters at the Castle are *so* long and *so* dull—though, of course, I'm often away on visits—that I will be able to devote *ever* so much time to it. Now I must go. I want to begin at *once*."

In a minute or two her golden head

I'm afraid they will require to get accustomed to my keeping what hours I like in the future."

When Mrs. Tweedle had cleared the table, and Babs had returned to the copy he was making of one of Fred Pegram's illustrations to Macmillan's admirable new edition of *Midshipman Easy*—one of those reproduced in this article he tells me—Clarissa unwrapped her manuscript and read it to me.

Perhaps it was an effect of her tuneful voice, or of the feeling wherewith she contrived to invest the speeches of her characters, but her story certainly impressed me as being extremely well done.

"That is excellent, dear," I exclaimed,



crowned with its green Tam o' Shanter sped down the street behind the fat ponies. A package containing a bundle of manuscript paper and a box of Waverley pens lay on the seat before her; and, for the first time, she was too engrossed to turn and wave her hand at the corner.

Next day, as we had arranged, Clarissa lunched with me. She entered, beaming with pride, and could scarce wait till one meal was over before producing her work.

"I sat up, O! *ever* so late last night; and aunt was quite alarmed when I went upstairs. She thought it was a burglar. *Imagine* burglars in Pittendrevie! Our household retires so *ridiculously* early.

as she paused in the midst of an interesting scene. "You have done it remarkably well. Go on, I am eager to know how you work the *dénouement*."

"That is as far as I've gone. When I got to that bit I didn't quite know how to make things come right, and I was *terribly* sleepy; so I stopped. I meant to finish it this morning, but I did not wake till late, and Martha brought a new book, which had come by post, with my breakfast; so when I had glanced at it I had *just* time to dress and to come here."

"I wish you would finish the tale, Clarissa. It is bright and original. I am almost certain I could place it somewhere."

"O, you *darling!* Do you really think you could? Well, I'll rush off home, write the rest to-night, and bring it complete to-morrow."

The following afternoon Clarissa entered like a whirlwind.

"Now here is something you are *bound* to approve of. I know it's conceited to say so, but it's *really* awfully good;" and plumping down on the sofa she began hastily reading me the opening pages of an entirely new story.

"Clarissa, child!" I interposed; "where is the end of the first story? I expected it."

"I *had* to stick that. It seemed *so* stupid, and it *wouldn't* come right. Then *this* scheme came into my head, and I wrote that instead."

But, alas! the new plot stopped at the same stage as the other.

Clarissa parted with us tearfully at the little railway station. She promised to visit us in town, and solemnly pledged herself to forward the manuscript of

both tales. That was several weeks ago: and a letter received this morning is the only communication from Clarissa that has reached us. The envelope was a bulky one: and as I opened it I exclaimed "Here is Clarissa's story, at last!" What the letter contained, however, was a sheet of manuscript music!

It hardly required the accompanying note to inform us that a gifted musician had been at the castle, and that Clarissa, feeling "music was the *very* divinest thing on earth," had sought to emulate his example to the extent of the opening passages of a waltz. Clarissa hoped we would like it: she "couldn't help thinking it awfully catching": she would send the rest "when it was written."

"The species, Clarissa," remarked Mr. Babbington-Bright, sententiously, "is best classed as the human chameleon, owing to its faculty of changing its colours to match its surroundings."

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



## *Presidents of the Royal Academy.*

**T**HE history of the origin of the Royal Academy is the history of one of those quarrels which are only too frequent among artists. The Society of Arts held the first art exhibition in England in 1760. Five years later the Society was incorporated by Royal Charter. But no restrictions as to membership had been made, and the inevitable result was that the men

the King, and a day or two later he horrified the leader of the old gang by speaking of "my exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Reynolds and Gainsborough were among the thirty-four foundation members, and their names remain to this day among the excuses which upholders of the Academy are able to urge in reply to those who maintain the institution has too often



SIR J. R. MILLAIS

From a photograph by A. F. Mackenzie, Birnam, N.B.

who could paint were always out-voted by those who could not. The result was that eight-and-twenty members revolted. Benjamin West was at their head, and, being in high favour with the King, he straightway set about the task of getting royal patronage for a new society. The conspirators unanimously asked Sir Joshua Reynolds to become their President, and, after anxious consultation with Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke, he agreed to accept the honour they proposed to confer on him. It was in December of the same year that the plan of the Academy was submitted to

neglected its opportunities of rewarding real merit by inviting gifted but unpopular artists to join its ranks. Reynolds and Gainsborough were certainly great painters, and yet they were Academicians. Benjamin West, the second President, was not a big painter, but he is a figure worth remembering. Born of Quaker parentage in America, he showed himself something of an artist at the early age of seven. The sober folk who surrounded him were greatly troubled at his desire to follow this vain and frivolous profession, but they held a meeting, and, after much discussion, decided (with a



wisdom not always vouchsafed to the Puritan) that it would not be well to fight against Providence. So the women kissed him, the men laid their hands in blessing upon the boy's head, and he in

now in the National Gallery. He died in 1830, and Sir Martin Archer Shee came after him. It is recorded that Shee was, in his day, a famous painter of portraits; but nowadays we are content



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

his turn pledged himself only to employ himself on subjects that were "holy and pure." You almost wonder that no one has found in this incident the subject for a picture. To those who have an affection for the Quaker it must always be pleasant to remember, for the man who knows his Puritan knows how sweet a reasonableness this decision argues in those who were able to arrive at it. He was made President in 1792



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

to remember of him only the fact that he was P.R.A. 'Tis said that he filled the post to admiration, being an affable gentleman, of good presence, having a pleasant taste in literature and an excellent knack of after-dinner speaking. It is the weak point of academies that such merits as these are often of more importance than those for which artists incorporated ought most readily to do honour to a brother. It was in his time that the



BENJAMIN WEST

and died in 1820, two years after the celebration of the Academy's jubilee.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who succeeded him, was born in 1769, and became an Academician at twenty-four. He is best known by his portrait of Mrs. Siddons,



SIR MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE

National Gallery was built in Trafalgar Square. The Academy, which had hitherto been provided with a habitation in Somerset House, now took up its abode in the new building, which William IV. opened, with much pomp, in 1837.

Shee laid down his brush in 1850, and then Sir Charles Eastlake took his place as President. He wrote about art a good deal, and also painted pictures that



SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

are not likely to be remembered. After fifteen years he also died, and Sir Francis Grant reigned in his stead. During his time the Academy quitted the National Gallery, where it had begun to be somewhat cramped, and moved to Burlington House, which was erected at a cost of £150,000 out of Academy funds. It was his wish that Sir Frederick Leighton should succeed him, and on his death the Academy unanimously ratified his suggestion.



SIR FRANCIS GRANT

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

It is but a few months since the seventh President died, and one can scarce speak of him coldly, as of a person long dead and belonging altogether to the past.

Opinions differ as to the value of his work. Of his learning, his skill, there can be no doubt; his unfinished pictures were often extremely beautiful. But this beauty had only too frequently been laboured out of them by the time they left his studio. Born at Scarborough in 1830, he produced "Cimabue finding Giotto" at the age of eighteen, and when he was five-and-twenty his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence" was hung by the Academy. His career was all compact of successes, and even those who sneered most constantly at his work admitted that no association of the kind to which the Academy belongs had ever a more stately figure at its head than his. Wealthy, learned, a linguist, a man of



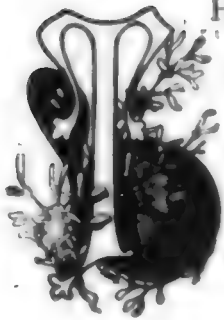
LORD LEIGHTON

From a photograph by Bassano

magnificent presence, and a most delightful urbanity, he was the ideal person for such a post; and, even if it be alleged that he was not eminent as a painter, it must be said of him that with regard to the work of other men he was an excellent and a most catholic judge.

It is good to think that the name of Sir John Millais was added before his death to the list of names here chronicled. Of him at least it may be said, without fear of error, that he was a great painter and a worthy compeer of the first President. He was an Associate at twenty-four; and if one were making a list of the great pictures painted throughout the world during his lifetime, it would be necessary to include more than one of his works.

## The Fashions of the Month.



THE worst of following Paris in so many of our modes is that autumn fashions are somewhat slow to declare themselves. In Paris the summer lingers longer than with us, and it is not until September is actually here that the great costumiers begin to formulate their decrees. But in England September is a month that is more often autumnal than not. The remarkably hot weather we had last September is not likely to repeat itself, and the wise and far-seeing will by this time be adding a few warmer costumes to their wardrobes, so as to be ready for the cooler weather before it comes.

Modes, so far as we can discern at present, will be quieter in style this winter. In Paris, skirts are already being made narrower, stiffening is discarded save round the hem, and the sleeves of tailor-made gowns are plain and coat-like, with only a very little fulness increasing towards the shoulder. Hats are flatter and more demure than before, and even the trimming has subdued itself. The raid against the tall ospreys continues, but 'tis to be feared the animal lovers are too oft forgot when fashion is in the field.

A very uncommon autumn costume is made of military blue cloth, with a bodice of black velvet embroidered in blue and black sequins. A vest of tan cloth, embroidered with black braid, is let in in front, and revers of blue cloth edged with jet divide it from the velvet bodice. The tight sleeves are of blue cloth with jockey sleeves—a favourite device—of velvet over them. Tan kid gloves sewed with black, and a black straw toque trimmed with wired black lace wings, and bunches of crimson and gold dahlias complete it. Our first illustration shows a very pretty autumn gown.

It is of green cloth with a little black and silver braiding on the bodice and sleeves. The soft vest and bow, of fine silk mohair, is of the palest blue, with tiny strokes in pale green and pink scattered over it. The bit of jewelled passementerie that accompanies it unites all these colours with dark green and black, and the big, dark green straw hat has bows of black velvet and black and green shaded plumes, and a bit of silver cord about the crown.

Another pretty and seasonable costume is of Scotch tweed of a pretty "heather" mixture in which green predominates. The zouave bodice is edged with a black and gold braid put on in loops, and the sleeve is tight almost to the shoulder, where it expands into a full soft puff. There is a pleated vest of scarlet silk kept in place by a cincture belt of Forbes tartan silk. The Forbes tartan, as everybody knows, is dark green with just a line of red in it. There is a full bow of the tartan silk at the neck, and the green rustic sailor with beef-eater crown has a band of tartan silk and some partridge and black cock feathers at the side.

Very neat house-dresses for young girls are being made with what used to be known as "round" bodices and waistbands. One in steel-grey canvas has a pretty tucked vest of pale blue surah. The bodice is cut out very quaintly in front to reveal the blue silk, and where the grey canvas meets the silk it is edged with a narrow steel passementerie. There is a soft belt and a soft collar of the silk, and the sleeves are cut out at the wrist to permit a pleated frill of the pale blue silk to fall over the hand. Another dainty home-like little gown is of electric blue serge, with a deep pointed yoke of dark blue velvet. The serge is drawn on to this yoke, and the bodice buttons (with pretty blue enamel buttons) at the left side. Where the bodice buttons it is edged with a frill of

\* \* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post a/cross from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowdoin Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars of self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



AN AUTUMN GOWN

white silk muslin, and there are similar frillings at neck and wrist.

By the bye—a *propos* of a gown of this kind, did you but know it—the Arctic Lamp is an invention to be commended to your notice. Used on the wall, it cannot deluge you with wax, although it gives you the ordinary soft light of candles. You may read in bed

by its light, and have no fear of disaster if you chance to fall asleep before you extinguish it. It does not ignite its shade, as candles always do, and in a hundred ways gratitude is due to Green and Co., of Regent Street, its inventors.

Blouses are by no means to be discarded in September, but they are more substantial in make and material



Our second illustration gives a rather elaborate one. The bodice is of a rich brocade with rings and spots of dark brown on a ground of tawny gold. The sleeves and draping are of that lovely Liberty silk which has the surface of satin

pleated vest of primrose-coloured silk muslin. Coming from the neck and from the waist are two pointed plastrons of embroidered grass lawn mounted on brown satin. The tight sleeves are of the lawn mounted on satin, and there are



A BLOUSE FOR SEPTEMBER

and the softness of muslin. This blouse looks well on a slim figure with a skirt of black satin lined with gold. The dark gold straw is trimmed with ruche and bows of black gauze and a Paradise plume. Another pretty blouse bodice is made in brown silk with a plain back and draped front. The drapings are shaped into a bolero, and there is a soft-

butterfly puffs on the shoulder of the plain brown silk.

Grey and green makes a very pretty combination. A reception-dress of pale grey-corded silk is made with graduated panels of dark green velvet running up each side of the skirt, a green and silver passementerie borders these panels on either side, and at the waist merges

into a richly-patterned and prettily shaped *empiècement* of passementerie that finishes off the skirt at the top. The bodice of grey silk is pleated all round, the pleats lying very close and thick at neck and waist, and expanding fan-wise over the bust in front. The tight-fitting sleeves are of dark green velvet, and the fan-shaped epaulettes are of grey silk richly embroidered in green and silver. The bodice is slightly low and square cut back and front, is edged with the passementerie and reveals above it a dainty chemisette of white silk muslin set into a green velvet neck-band.

Some novel silks are being made with designs and stripes in plush upon them. This is a decided innovation. One marvellous one has a stripe of dark brown plush alternating one in which chiné roses are strewn upon a maize-coloured ground. This, with a front of maize-coloured silk muslin, a ruffled sleeve of the silk muslin emerging from jockey sleeves of brown plush lined with maize-coloured silk, would make a marvellously effective tea-gown.

The loose jacket with the straight back seems likely to gain favour this autumn. A very neat one in navy-blue cloth has bands of black military braid up every seam, and a band of the braid down the centre of the sleeve. It is double-breasted and there is a double row of gold buttons down the front. It is a little open at the neck and has reversed edged with braid. Worn with a blue skirt, a white collar and black tie, and a navy-blue sailor hat, trimmed with bright crimson corded ribbon and some black wings, it forms a very neat and workmanlike turn-out.

Autumn capes have high collars, and some of them are really long enough to afford a little warmth.

The extreme cheapness at which the high square-crowned hats have been sold at the sales should warn people not to buy them, as it is a sure sign they are going out.

A very charming wrap for seaside wear is a blue cloth coat tight fitting

behind and loose and double-breasted in front. The sleeves are tight, but over each falls a wide box-pleated cape. These capes are fastened on to the shoulder under a trimming of black and gold braid, and are lined all through by a scarlet silk lining which shows effectively. It is fastened in front with big plain gold buttons, and worn with a blue cloth yachting cap forms a very comfortable and becoming costume to lounge upon the deck of a yacht or to take an evening stroll along an esplanade in.

For autumn cycling costumes nothing is better than Harris tweed. It is soft and light yet thick and warm, and is never close and heavy as cloth is apt to be. In dark grey with a scarlet cloth waistcoat fastened with small gold buttons, a white dicky and a black tie worn with a black sailor hat and a scarlet ribbon, it looks very well. Heather mixture with a vest of tan cloth fastened with jet buttons, a white dicky and green and gold shot tie, makes another very seasonable combination. A little bit of bright colour such as scarlet is excellent in a cycling gown if it be used with discretion. It just catches the eye as the "bike" wheels by, and arouses a pleasing curiosity as to the wearer.

While on the subject of cycling I may mention the Columbia bicycles, one of which has lately been ordered by Mr. A. J. Balfour, who thus imitates the example of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. English makers are undoubtedly going to have a severe struggle against their American compeers, and Vigor and Co., who are early in the field, will indubitably give them a vast deal of trouble, for the Columbia is an excellent machine.

Tartan does not seem so high in favour this September, as sometimes there is a monotony about tartan. Like the unfortunate lover in Balfe's half-forgotten opera, it is "still the same" and the heart of woman is inconstant ever, and loves above everything variety and change.





WHAT IS IT?

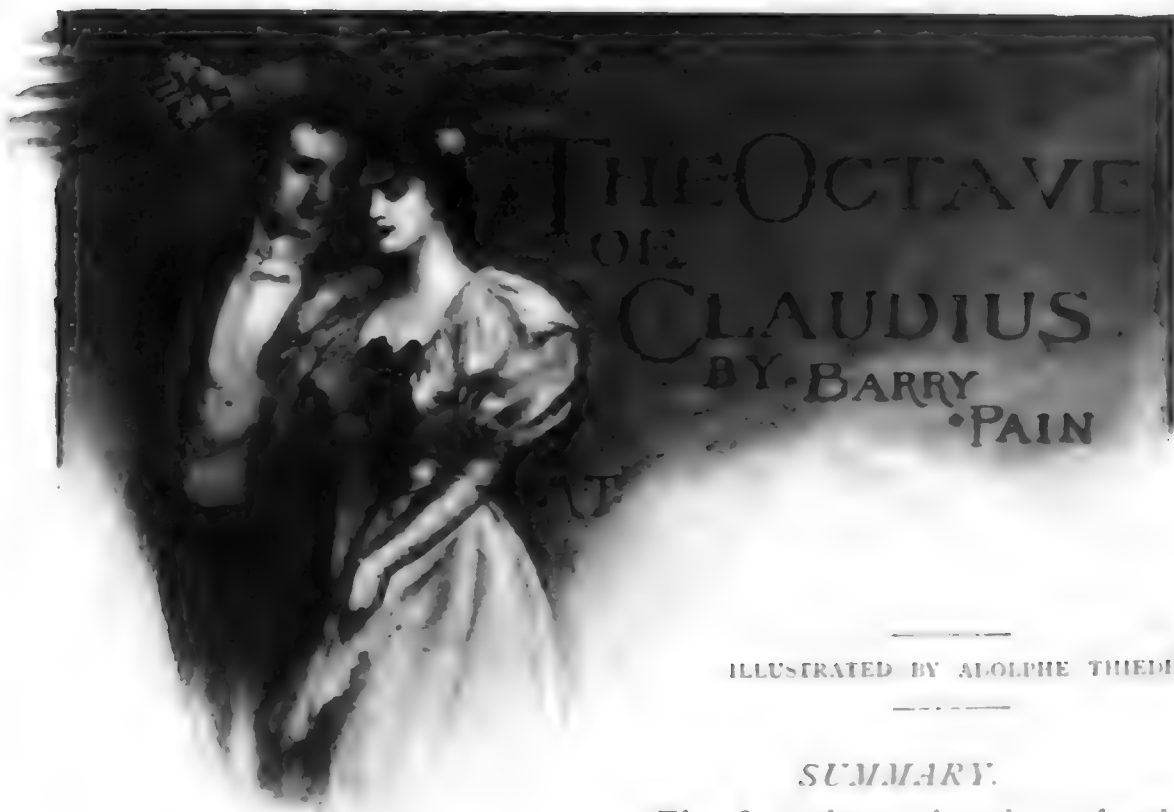
DRAWN BY ERNEST PRATER



HONEST LAUGHTER

DRAWN BY F. P. MICHEP





ILLUSTRATED BY ALOPHE THIEDE

#### SUMMARY.

*The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest.*

#### CHAPTER IV.

"YES," said Harry Burnage to himself, "I must marry Angela." He paced up and down the soft carpet, thinking about it. He was alone in his well-ordered chambers, smoking a cigarette that was not to be bought in shops. It was a good cigarette, but its flavour was as nothing to the fact that it was not to be bought in shops. It seemed to fill the room with that atmosphere of uniqueness, distinction, speciality, that Henry Burnage believed that he loved. He had arrived slowly at his resolution; he rarely hurried important things; he liked to act correctly; and, though he would say a passably brilliant thing about the

commercial spirit and the middle classes, he very much liked to get on in the world. He had been considering marriage with Angela Wycherley as one might consider anonymous journalism—in a critical spirit, weighing the arguments for and against. That was the way he had begun at least.

Angela's mother was barely possible. She was too large, too obvious, too good-tempered, and she gave too much publicity to that side of her which should have been reserved for the specialist in dyspepsia. Her circle included too generously. Well, once married, Henry Burnage felt that Mrs. Wycherley could be deleted altogether. Then there was

her father—a mildly commercial person whose Sunday night anxiety (unless he had one of those headaches) seemed to be first to find the background and then to sit in it. He would not need to be deleted, he would delete himself. He would probably do something for Angela. The commerce was only mildly successful, but Angela was the only unmarried child; it was almost certain there would be something for her. Besides, Henry Burnage's own father had made him a very liberal offer—if he got married. The elder Burnage did not believe that young men kept straight unless they married—besides, he wanted to see a grandchild.

Then there was Angela to be considered. Just here the merely critical consideration became touched by emotion—the material side of Henry Burnage was in love with Angela, he had come under her charm. Now this charm was not peculiar to Angela; many other girls have it, and it is more easily described in its result. Angela made the men that she met imagine her secrets; she inspired fascinating reverie. Burnage, with all his business qualities, was much given to fascinating reverie.

A catalogue's justice would have been unjust to her looks, for her features were slightly irregular. The ebb and flow of colour on her dusky cheeks, or a chance movement of her long eyelashes, or the curve of her figure in some chance position that she had taken would baulk dispassionate criticism; she had a store of trifles to throw into the scale against classical beauty and apparently outweigh it. She had seemed at one time to Burnage to be a flirt; but now he was inclined to think that she had grown serious-hearted and was being hurt by it. He wondered if she cried sometimes at night, just before she went to sleep, because of her thoughts. That would be terrible. She should tell him about it—just give him her warm little hands to hold, cast her eyes down, and make shy confidences. His vanity, caught by his imagination, soared grandly upwards, like a thistledown riding the wind. He began to picture things; her rapt eyes seemed to look at him and her low voice to tell him how good he was. He seemed to hear music; the wedding march took its memorable downward sweep, curled over the key-note, and broke at his feet. It moved upwards

again, changed to a slow, straining waltz that beat its great wings regularly—upwards into the rarefied atmosphere of the passionate lover, where the whole world stopped and one kiss continued.

He had arrived slowly at his resolution—beginning with criticism and ending in ecstasy, just at the last, warming a cold ambition by the fires of love, or the nearest that he could get to love. He was glad that the resolution was taken; it had been hovering in his mind for some time. He felt a kind of importance in consequence of it; he seemed to himself to be embarking on a fresh epoch in his existence.

He dined at his club, and dined well. Thoughts of a love-touched future, black coffee, a small glass of kirsch, and another of the cigarettes that could only be obtained by favour occupied him for the next two minutes. Then he proceeded to write two letters.

His first letter was to his father, and Henry Burnage's letters to his father were exceedingly unlike his letters to anybody else. The elder Burnage had started life with a small shop, and although he had long ago retired from his business he had never been able to feel properly ashamed of it; and he never said even a passably brilliant thing about the commercial spirit and the middle-classes. This alone made him different from the kind of man that his son was. The father was somewhat Puritanical and quite uncultured; here again the son was different. In a more humorous moment the father would sometimes say: "Have you been buying any æsthetic things lately, Henry?" What was to be done with such a man—a man who could never succeed in forgetting the back numbers of *Punch*—a man who was quite crude and point-blank—a man who could never be convinced that he misunderstood another man's point of view, and yet always did misunderstand it? Henry could only sigh drearily, and try to read the essays of Matthew Arnold without noticing that their severest thrusts went straight through his own father—happily ignorant of the assault, and quite contented. Just as a mean motive and a more generous motive had made Henry decide to marry Angela, a mixture of motives influenced him in the treatment of his father. He was not without filial affection, but he also wondered occasionally in what pro-



ADOLF THIER  
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"HE PACED UP AND DOWN THE SOFT CARPET"

portion his father would, in his last will and testament, divide his property between him and his very plain and unattractive sister. He tried to write to his father the kind of letter that his father would like, but he spent as little time as possible on the composition of it, knowing that his father was not critical in such things. To-night his letter ran as follows:

*My dear Father,—You may be assured that your last letter—stating that you have had no return of the sciatica—gave me great pleasure. I was delighted to hear that you managed to get as far as from our house to the cemetery. You must be careful not to overdo it, but I suppose you would not walk that distance without permission from the doctor. Certainly the embrocation which he prescribed seems to have done wonders. So you have got the main drainage at last, and are compelled to connect with it; I always said that it would come, and after the initial expenses you will probably find the arrangement much more satisfactory. I am sorry that the new vicar is not to your liking; his adoption of the eastward position and other ritualistic practices in face of so many protests seems to me very silly. It is, as you say, a great pity that the living should be in the gift of Sir Constantine Sandell—a man who has belonged at times to almost every conceivable religious sect. By the way, I am almost certain that I saw Claudius Sandell in the Fulham Road about a month ago, just after I sent you my last letter. It was getting dark, and I cannot be positive, but, if I am right, he has very much come down in the world. The man I saw was dressed in the seediest clothes, no stick or gloves, smoking a clay-pipe, and peering into the window of a small eating-house. As I had two other men with me, I was naturally not anxious to claim the acquaintance of—apparently—a half-starved tramp; so I hurried on to avoid recognition. Otherwise I should have been glad to have lent him a few shillings for the sake of old times together at Cambridge. Of course, we do not know what the quarrel was between Sir Constantine and Claudius. You think that Sir Constantine was in the wrong; he may have been. At the same time I do not think that a father—however hot-tempered and however eccentric—entirely breaks with his only son for nothing. Why was it that Clau-*

*dius, who was quite by way of being my friend at Trinity, never told me one word of the reason for the quarrel and parried my questions on the subject? Why is it that, although he has been in London and knew that he could get my address at the Temple, he has never been to see me and has never sent me his own address? It must mean that he is ashamed of something. It is strange that he—who was always thought so wonderful—should have been compelled to leave Cambridge without taking a degree, and should then have gone completely under; while I—who was nobody in particular—took a second in my tripos, and am already beginning to get on at the bar. By the way, is that curious woman, Miss Comby, still at Sir Constantine's?*

*In conclusion, I have something important to say. I feel that you are right, and I accept your very generous offer. You will not be surprised to hear that the lady whom I intend to marry is Angela Wycherley, of whom I have often spoken to you. I am now only waiting my opportunity to make a formal proposal; and I think I may say without conceit that I know what her answer will be. Before I do so, I shall be glad to hear from you if you think the alliance suitable.*

*Your affectionate son,*

HENRY BURNAGE.

His next letter was to Luke Monsett. And to him Henry Burnage employed a sort of sham literary style, with a good deal of affectation, short paragraphs, and capital letters in it.

*Dear Luke,—Action and re-action make me distrust all. The swing of the pendulum in one direction seems to take a man so far: it also returns as far. There is no Stability. How we cling to the expression of culture through furniture—environment. Nay, I still cling to it. Yet always I shift my ground from time to time. Even now it is better to employ aniline dyes with a duchess than to like the art flower-pot that has penetrated Bloomsbury.*

*Stability!*

*If you knew—if you could only know—how I long to get to it!*

*Now comes some hope at last. You ask what? A woman's eyes, that are more beautiful because they are now grown serious; on my part, nights in which I do not sleep but think entrancingly. Is there*



*not hope of Stability there? The bourgeois marry to perpetuate their very indifferent species; and I to find anchorage for my soul in calm waters. If so—then, at last, Stability. Of other news, nothing—save that I hear that our friend, Claudius Sandell, is now definitely gone under. And you thought him very great. Ah, well, it will teach you to distrust!*

*Of your own life, what?*

*Write soon.*

*Yours in these bonds of flesh,*

HENRY BURNAGE.

He did not write in this style to his father, because his father was not sympathetic, would not have understood, and

would certainly have called him an ass. But Henry Burnage fancied the style, and probably would have believed that his letter to Luke was rather good.

But in one point he was mistaken: Claudius was not yet definitely "gone under."

In fact, not very long after this date, Dr. Gabriel Lamb wrote a letter to his bankers, asking them to place eight thousand pounds to the credit of Mr. Claudius Sandell (of whose signature he enclosed examples) during a period of eight consecutive days, to commence on the following Saturday morning. The circumstances which led to this order may now be recorded.

## CHAPTER V.

THREE days after the curious arrival of Claudius Sandell at the house of Dr. Gabriel Lamb, the two men stood together in the garden one morning after breakfast. Claudius was smoking a delicious cigar, the first that he had smoked for over a year. He had drunk good coffee; his memory contrasted it with the "cup o' thick" that he had been compelled to take a few days before at an early-morning stall. He remembered the sharp eyes of the man who had handed it him, and the furtive Jew boy that had rubbed shoulders with him, and the bad green smell of everything.

And now he was looking out on a well-kept garden, noting the fruit trees as they spread themselves to the sun along the wall. He heard the sleepy hum of the mowing-machine, where at a little distance a gardener was busy on the lawn. He had been refreshed by a long sleep and a cold bath; he was wearing good clothes; he had fed well and been well treated. It was hard for him to realise that all this was the result of charity, for the kindness that had been shown him had come in the guise of hospitality. Dr. Lamb had acted up to his principle that it was impossible for a gentleman to take advantage of the necessities of another gentleman in order to humiliate him.

"Come down to the end of the garden," said the doctor, cheerily. "You haven't half seen the place yet." The doctor was wearing a short holland jacket and no hat; in one hand he swung a small empty canvas bag. As they went down the paths Claudius

happened to make some remarks, with almost boyish *naïveté*, on the perfection of the house and garden. He had, he said, never seen a place which was so complete in small details—trifles.

"Now, my dear Sandell," said the doctor, putting one hand on his arm, "I am not going to contradict you, but I am going to correct an impression that I believe you must have formed of me. I own that I have taken great care lest there should be anything wrong in even the minutest domestic matters, but you must not think that because I am particular about trifles, I admire them or take an interest in them. I assure you that I hate them; I hate them so much that I cannot bear to have them in my mind. If the details of my house and domestic life were wrong, they would always be obtruding themselves upon my attention: I should think about them, and I should detest that. It is the same with money. If a man really hates money he takes good care that he has enough of it for all his needs, in order that he may not think about it."

"You found me," said Claudius, without a penny in my pocket and fainting from exhaustion. But all the same I assure you that I do not love money."

"Do not," said the doctor pleadingly, "be so ultra-sensitive, my dear fellow. I like fine feelings, but to be ultra-sensitive is so—so altogether damnable. I assure you that your case was not in my mind when I spoke. And my remark would not apply to you in any case, because you are too young. You will make money yet, because you hate

it; there is plenty of time before you."

"You're much too good to me, doctor," Claudius said rather seriously. "I am inclined to agree with you: one of the greatest curses of poverty and privation is that they make a man who is not used to them sensitive and bad-tempered. I never used to be bad-tempered."

"There's good enough evidence of that." Claudius looked as if he did not quite understand, and the doctor went on: "I mean, of course, in your physiognomy. You are on the whole very good-tempered; you can lose your temper badly for all that. In that you are not exceptional at all. But it is queer that you have never told a lie, and couldn't tell one if you wanted to."

"Why," said Claudius, "I've told any amount of the usual —"

"Quite so, the ordinary social fib that has no other motive but to spare somebody's feelings. We may leave that out; that is not dishonourable. You have never told the dishonourable lie—the lie that would get you out of some scrape or be of some advantage to you."

"But, of course," Claudius answered, "one doesn't do that."

"No? I've told dozens of dishonourable lies myself. But there, my system of ethics is different and simpler: there is one great purpose and all else is subordinate to it. But men, in other respects like yourself, do as a matter of fact tell mean lies, or would if the occasion were urgent enough. Now, no occasion, however urgent, would make you break your word."

"Well, one never knows." Claudius found this open praise, as it seemed, of himself very embarrassing; and he hastened to change the subject. "If it comes to that, doctor, I have noticed one exceptional point in you."

"I had flattered myself," the doctor said, "that I was composed chiefly of exceptional points. Which do you mean?"

"You talk a great deal of your work, and profess to be devoted to your work, and call it the enthusiasm of your life; and yet you really *do* work very hard. I've only been here a few days, but I've noticed that. I happened to wake at three o'clock this morning, and looked out. There was still a light in your laboratory. Now at Cambridge it was different: the men who talked much about their work as a rule did least; and to

keep an average of your number of hours' work per diem was simply a preliminary step to being spun in your tripos."

"Well, the case is so different. The ordinary man at Cambridge works, I suppose, for the purpose of his tripos, and with the involved purposes of pleasing his people and providing himself with a profession. Oh, yes. Those are very good things, of course—but they are not great. If you try to simulate an enthusiasm for work with such purposes, you are likely to use up all the energy for the simulation and have none left for the work. Yes, I did work late last night." The doctor's eyes grew brighter, and his manner more excited; he gesticulated a little with the hand that held the canvas bag. "Last night, Sandell, I stood before the gate—the locked gate that stands between the living and the mystery of life. I tampered with the lock, but I could not force it. I could not get in. But, Sandell, I assure you—I am speaking seriously—last night I caught a glimpse between the bars. It makes me breathless. Can you wonder that I am enthusiastic and—Lord! I do keep talking about myself. I wish I did not. I shall become a bore."

"Will you?" said Claudius. "If I may speak as frankly of you to you as you have done of me to me, I will say that I have never met anyone who interested me so much, and I do not suppose that I shall ever meet anyone who will be half so kind to me."

"Oh, kindness is not in the question at all. For all that I give you I intend to receive as much again. Practically, you are in a hotel and have the means to pay your bill, only it does not quite suit either of us to treat each other just like that. No, not a word. I won't be thanked: I assure you that I shall come out of this under a great obligation to you. Now, look here, we won't talk of this; I want to show you my rabbits."

They had reached the end of the garden. Here there was a row of twelve small rabbit-hutches, standing about two feet from the ground. The hutches were kept very clean and dry, and it was evident that good care was taken of their occupants.

"I didn't know you were a fancier," said Claudius.

"Oh, I'm not; these are all of the common kind. They hardly remain here long enough for me to make pets of them, and in a pet one would prefer a



"DON'T YOU BE FRIGHTENED, MY LITTLE DEAR"

little more intelligence. Still, these hutches are well planned, I think, and I like to have them properly fed and cared for until they are wanted. Research, you know, would be impossible without experiment; one is as humane, of course, as it is possible to be under the circumstances. By the way, I want one of these this morning for my work."

He opened one of the hutches, and a black doe that had been nibbling green stuff at the entrance scurried away to the far end of the cage; pressed close to the boards she watched the two men with soft, furtive, frightened eyes.

"Pretty creature, isn't it?" said the doctor.

"Now then, my common rabbit, you're wanted. Why didn't you stand erect, and have articulate speech, and wear white ties in the evening? Then you would have had a God and lost Him, and worried yourself about it at nights, when you had no one to talk to, and never got any further; and also you would have bragged about it—people always do. You weren't consulted, neither was I. Now you are going to die in a dream, but first you have got to tell me what you know, but don't know that you know." He stretched his great hand into the hutch and grasped the doe by the neck. "Come, now," he said, pleasantly, as she kicked and struggled, "don't you be frightened, my little dear." Then he dropped her into the canvas bag.

The two men walked on to the garden entrance of the laboratory. Vivisection had been the subject of debates at which Claudius had been present; they had not been, as a rule, very well-informed debates: it had been a case of brutality against sentimentality, and had not interested him very much. One of the most potent arguments for vivisection that he had yet come across was that Dr. Gabriel Lamb practised it. He mentioned this to the doctor. Dr. Lamb put down his canvas bag in the garden path, and fumbled for the key of the laboratory door. He was an astonishing grotesque figure; the short holland jacket did not seem to go well with the bald head, with its fringe of auburn hair. Curious traces of scientist, sensualist, and poet, seemed to flit across his face, hopelessly inconsistent and passing in a moment. Between the box-edging on either side of the path the black doe-rabbit jumped and struggled in the bag that imprisoned it.

"Vivisection? I am not of course opposed to it; at the same time I realise its limitations. It has taught us what we know of physiology, and it will teach us more; but it will never teach us everything, as practised at present, and nothing less than everything is of much good to myself. I have got to pass through that gate of which I spoke to you. See here—you know, of course, that a pig is internally much the same as a man. But the pig's nervous constitution—a very important factor, mark you—is as different from a man's—" Once more he broke off abruptly. "You are provoking me to become a scientific bore," he went on; "and all bores are hateful; and the scientific bore is the worst of the lot."

"Well, doctor," said Claudius, "I can only say again that I am not bored. Now, by the way, I could not, perhaps, do a good hard day's work. But I am so far recovered that a few hours' secretarial work would not hurt me. May I not undertake your correspondence for you, or copy your scientific memoranda? You have already decided that I am to be trusted—that I should not abuse your confidence—and I need not tell you that I should be careful. I should give you the best of such ability as I have."

"That is quite so," said the doctor. "If I were the usual philanthropist, I should probably fake up some secretarial work for you to do. But I am not; and the work for which I want your assistance is far more serious and important. I will tell you about it when the time comes. In the meantime, if you would order the victoria and take my wife for a drive, I know she would be delighted. No; you'd rather drive yourself, I think. Have the dog-cart and the bay mare. Oh, yes—and you'd better ask for her, or they will give you 'Peach-blossom,' who's a good horse but not so amusing."

Claudius drove the bay mare, and she did not give him much leisure for conversation. She was a beauty, but she needed driving. Mrs. Lamb watched him earnestly all the way, and only spoke to praise him. The doctor never drove the mare himself. It is curious that even the cleverest man will fail to notice when things are significant, if they concern himself. Claudius had that morning omitted to notice several things.



PAINTING IN THE OPEN

## *In Painters' Land.*

WRITTEN BY LEWIS HIND. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. DOUGLAS.

**A**T the extreme west of Cornwall, beyond the tin-country, is a little broad-backed peninsula appearing on the map about the size of a blue-bottle. It hangs to the mainland by its right shoulder, and looks as if it might at any moment slip off into the Atlantic Ocean, and roam seawards, like the Scilly Isles. Land's End lies on the blue-bottle's tail, Newlyn touches the tip of the right wing, while upon its head stands St. Ives. If you refer to St. Ives in conversation, seven out of ten people will remark, "O yes, I know, the town where the man who had seven wives lived," whereupon you reply for the hundredth time, "Pardon me, the rhyme which you mis-quote, refers to St. Ives in Huntingdonshire. St. Ives in Cornwall is famous in its own pleasant little way, but it is innocent of sheltering the magnificent bigamist whose deeds have made its northern namesake notorious."

For what, then, is Cornish St. Ives famous? What has the town done to deserve a paper in the *Ludgate*? The local guide-book devotes eight pages to St. Ives, but as the same work gives nine to the Scillies, its claim to fame can hardly be topographical. Its beauty? Well, the steep cobble-paved streets, often so narrow that two fish carts cannot pass abreast—streets from which obscure, crooked, dark courts branch off, all redolent of ancient fishy smells—can hardly be called beautiful. True, certain views

are very beautiful. That, for instance, from the upper part of the town, at the hour of after-glow, when the light touches the yellow sands that skirt the Hayle bend of the bay, or the sight of the fleet sailing out westward in early morning; or when the north wind has brought a blue sky and a purple sea, and the lighthouse on white Godrevy starts from the water like a column of burnished silver; or, in early spring, when full-blown roses nod against the cottage walls, and the cliffs are clothed with yellow gorse as with a garment, and the thorn is prodigal of white flower away over by the white roads of Lelant; or on quiet days when, in the far distance, cloud and sea meet on the horizon in undistinguished grey; or—but such sights can be seen in a thousand beautiful corners of England. No, such things, delightful though they be, are not enough to make St. Ives famous.

Her pilchard fisheries? Is St. Ives famous because twelve millions of the little creatures were once taken in a single day? Or on account of the "huers" watching patiently from the cliff for the arrival of the pilchards, timed to appear on these coasts in October—watching for the sudden discolourment, the purple patch, of the sea. Is St. Ives famous for that stupendous moment when the shoal is first descried, heralded by hovering gulls, and pursued by a horde of rapacious monsters of the deep, and



the "huer" sounds the good news through a trumpet, and signals the movement of the shoal to the fishermen, who rush down to the beach with joyous shouts, intent on launching the boats, and shooting the huge nets for the catch which will mean prosperity to the town through the winter? No, the pilchard fishery is hardly enough to make St. Ives famous; besides, the little creatures have grown coy of late, and no longer come sweeping in great companies towards the bay.

Another reason must be found for the fame that has gathered about St. Ives in

the studio stands a young man, who bows, grasps your hand; and then retires to greet another guest, while you examine the display of pictures, and presently, when your host draws within earshot, you murmur, "Excellent!" or "Delightful!" or "Very good!" or "Superb!" or perhaps, if he is a very old friend, and has painted more than common well, you grasp his hand, and say: "My dear fellow, you have done it this time."

It takes the best part of a day to go round these studios. Their number is endless. Some are new, some have



THE CLUB IN THE DAYTIME

these latter days. Let me describe an afternoon in the early spring of this or any year of the past decade, and so offer a clue to the riddle. The village is in holiday attire. Since early morning vehicles laden with ladies in their best bonnets, and men in new serge suits, have come galloping gaily down the hill that leads from the outside world. The steep streets are bright with laughing groups. Women lift their silken skirts and plunge bravely into the tortuous bye-ways, round angular corners, through ancient doorways, and up rickety stairs. All these little journeys have the same issue. The top stair abuts on a passage, and the passage opens into a studio, and

been converted from sail lofts, or pilchard packing dens, or any large apartment whose architecture would admit of a window with a north light. They perch upon the brow of the cliff, glass windows flashing in the sun; they hide themselves in the innermost recesses of the congeries of crooked courts; they stand like sentinels above the harbour, and they line the Porthmeor beach, upon which the broad waves of the Atlantic roar and tumble. St. Ives is not always in this holiday mood. This is the day that corresponds to the London Show Sunday. Soon the visitors will have all departed, the finery will be laid away, and by the time night comes up



A GROUP OF ST. IVES PAINTERS

with her garniture of stars, St. Ives will be as sleepy and as sedate as she has been any time during the past centuries. To-morrow the pictures will be packed, a special train will run them up to London, and towards the end of the week that precedes "Varnishing Day," the painters themselves will be following their pictures to London. Thus we arrive at the reason why St. Ives is famous. In that far corner of England a number of artists have elected to live, away yonder, in the west country, where the air is clear and

the weather generally fine, where encouragement and sympathy abound, and it is possible to live at a rate which, as regards the price paid for food and lodging, would make the dwellers in the Melbury Road faint with envy.

It is now many, many years since painters first foregathered in Cornwall. They are widely scattered through the county, but St. Ives and Newlyn, the head and the wing of the blue-bottle, are the most popular abiding places. Roughly speaking, the figure men settle in Newlyn,



THE PORTHMEOR STUDIOS FROM THE BEACH

the landscape painters in St. Ives, and if the colony at Newlyn is better known than the colony at St. Ives, it is because the pictures of those who paint the drama of life catch the public eye more swiftly than the works of the men who mirror the moods of Nature. For beauty of environment, Newlyn cannot be compared to St. Ives, and if Newlyn is the possessor of an art gallery, with periodical exhibitions, St. Ives has its club, and a Bohemian *camaraderie* that the sister colony lacks. Authorities differ as to

arrange to pitch their tents for a winter remain a lifetime. The attractions are obvious. Life in that little fishing village is simple, healthy, interesting, and social, and he who lives there has more than the common share of sunshine, and less than his share of headaches. Workers, eager and sympathetic, surround him, and when he needs the relaxation of society it is there at his own door, and not, as in London, a cab and train journey distant. Summer visitors miss the characteristic note of the place, for during



ONE OF THE PORTHNEOR STUDIOS

who was the first painter settler at St. Ives, and, to tell the truth, when the subject comes up for discussion on winter evenings, in the old parlour of the old Sloop Inn, authorities sometimes disagree with uncommon vigour. Certain it is that Mr. Richmond, R.A., painted his "Prometheus Bound," at Land's End, and that Mr. Whistler was a visitor to St. Ives in very early days. It would be idle to attempt to give any list of the artists who have been attracted by the charms of St. Ives. They come and go; many who propose making a visit of a month stay a year, while some who

June, July, and August the big studios are empty, and the majority of the painters are scattered over the land seeking fresh motives in some pastoral English valley, by the waterways of Holland, or in some bright Italian landscape. But with the return of autumn most of them retrace their steps to the Cornish shore, and do they not know how good it is once again to catch sight of the yellow sands of the bay, and the lighthouse upon white Godrevy. St. Ives has moulded itself to suit the requirements of its painter sons and daughters. There is a shop—a wonderful shop—where every-

thing that an artist can possibly require as painter, as householder, or as bachelor, may be purchased. There is a little inn where the unwedded can live together, and participate in the advantages of a club, without the drawback of being obliged to journey forth at night from a London suburb to a dingy building in a London street. St. Ives also possesses

meet after the light gives on winter evenings. Here the billiard handicaps take place, and eyes learned in the effects of sky and sea are trained to further skill in search of the nice angles between ball and pocket.

There is little resemblance between these studios and those of London. At St. Ives they are frankly painting-rooms,

mostly unadorned, or by ingenious husbandry of humble objects exemplified in one of our illustrations, where a remarkable overmantel has been constructed out of old deal packing cases.

The most spacious studios are those on the Porthmeor beach. Long, low, and light, they border on the yellow sands, and when the high windows are thrown open, the painter can sit in his easy chair and study the wave forms, as if they were simply an attraction of his back garden. In another of the illustrations an interior section of one of these Porthmeor studios is shown. It is as large as a Methodist chapel. Old brown sails, rich with the colourings of myriads of rains, and the buffetings of a thousand



A ST. IVES STUDIO, SHOWING A PATENT OVERMANTEL

its proper club, and a gala night, which is Saturday, when the painters, men and women, foregather to talk art and life, to skim papers and magazines, to sing glees, and to show their skill in acting. The club-room stands on the harbour. By day-time it is deserted when the place is noiseless but for the beating of the waves, and the muffled tones of a man singing at his work in the carpenter's shop beneath. There is also another little hostelry where the painters

storms, hang across the studio. In a corner looms the fiery eye of a huge stove with a pail of water hissing upon it. Against the wall, upon a deal shelf, a hundred tubes of pigment, pinched and squeezed into fantastic shapes, are strewn. Above hangs a stretch of canvas smeared with palette scrapings, mute records of years of working days. The big canvases stand before you, and in the midst sits the painter himself considering a past failure, and meditating a new triumph.

In another of our illustrations, the Studio on the Harbour, a very successful attempt at orthodox decoration has been achieved. It is crowded with curios, and if the view through the open doors is less majestic than the prospect of the Atlantic from the Porthmeor windows, there is a gain in liveliness, and variety with the ebb and flow of the tide, the fittings and return of the fleet, and the ever changing phantasmagoria of the beach. The doors are not always

task. Painting follows, and about lunch time you may again see them sauntering homewards up the hill road. An hour later the return to the studios begins, where, if it be winter time, they remain till sunset, when those who play billiards foregather at the hostelry. On summer evenings the train may carry a load of men and canvases out to Lelant, to make sketches in the open, or some will play a round at golf, or take part in a four at tennis. Subsequently there is a constant



A STUDIO ON THE HARBOUR

open as in the picture. In the morning, during working hours, they are firmly closed, and the painter stands with his back to them, busy upon his six-foot canvases.

One day at St. Ives passes much like another. About the hour of ten you may see the painters who live on the road that climbs on to Carbis Bay, clad in knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets, sauntering down towards their studios. Arrived there they may sit for half-an-hour smoking the meditative morning pipe, studying the work upon the easel, and considering the attack of a new day's

interchange of festivities, and on Saturdays everybody makes a point of being present at the club. So the winter months pass by, and if, as sending-in day approaches, the members of the colony become a little serious, a trifle moody, or a thought more detached than usual, it is understood that as soon as the pictures are despatched, this mantle of aloofness will be thrown off, and the old hospitable life resumed. It is a good and a happy thing to be a painter, and he who lives and works at St. Ives must be counted among the most enviable of his order.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS.

### "SO IT ENDS WITH FRIENDS."



MURTHWAITE and I had gone into the country to spend a week at a delightful old inn when he told me the last of the stories I have been chronicling. We sat smoking in the old oak parlour, and somehow

through a chance reference to a criminal case that happened to be filling the columns of the newspapers just then, I think—the conversation turned on death-bed confessions.

Story after story was told by one or the other of us, and finally Smurthwaite lit his pipe, which he had just refilled, pressed down the tobacco, and began a tale taken out of his own experience.

"I had a strange case once," he said. "A man whom I had known for some years sent for me late one night to make his will. He lived in an out-of-the-way house some distance from Weybridge. I arrived at the station about half-past ten on a bitterly cold night in mid-winter. The snow was lying some inches deep on the ground, the stars were shining brightly overhead, and as I found it difficult to get a conveyance I determined to walk.

"Colonel Mortlock, the man I had

come to see, was an old bachelor, and had retired from the Army for very many years. He had settled in Weybridge and had lived the comfortable, easy life of a retired officer, mixing in the best society. He had largely devoted himself to works of charity, and was connected with, and a liberal subscriber to, all the charitable institutions of the neighbourhood. Of late years, however, he had been more or less of an invalid, and had shut himself up so that the world had seen very little of him. He was a handsome man, every inch a soldier in appearance, with a fine head of curly white hair and a white moustache. He had been a man of almost herculean proportions. He held the Victoria Cross, and was in every way a soldier of whom the British Army was justly proud. He was a man of ample means, without any near relations.

"I met him in rather a curious way, as he had taken over a mortgage on a property in his neighbourhood, more as an act of charity than anything else, since the owner of the property mortgaged was quite unable to pay, and the mortgagee threatening to foreclose. The owner was a client of mine and told his trouble to Colonel Mortlock, who came to see me and agreed to pay off the mortgage and take a transfer of the

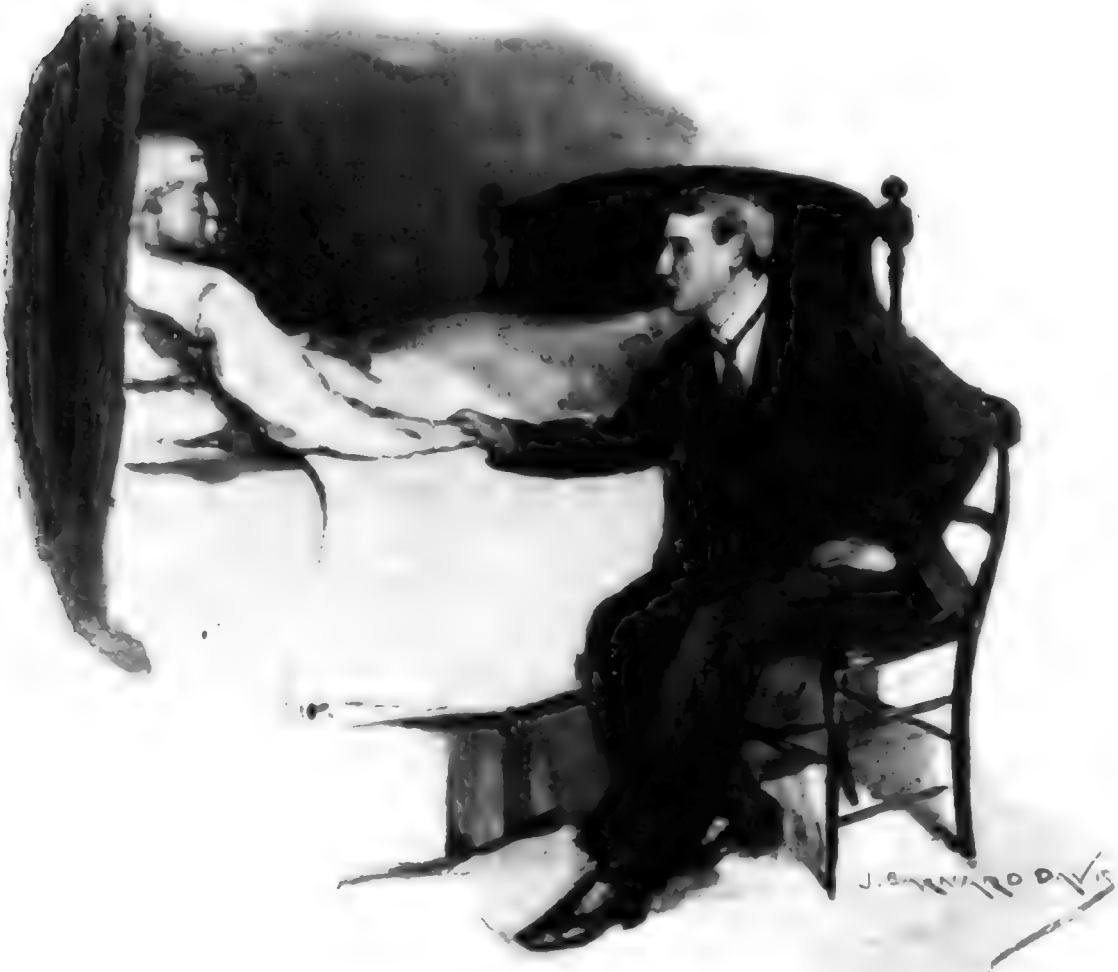
mortgage. From that time he had been my client, and I had naturally learned a good deal of his affairs.

"I reached the house and was shown to my room, where I had hardly changed my wet boots when I was sent for to go and see the Colonel at once. I found him in bed, and noticed that he was very ill indeed. A doctor and nurse

"'Are you sure,' he said, 'that the door is shut, and that no one is listening outside?'

"I went and looked, and was able to assure him that no one was within hearing.

"'Smurthwaite,' he said, 'I am dying. I know it, although the doctor won't tell me, and I want you to make my will at



"I AM DYING."

were in the room, and drawing me on one side the doctor told me that he did not think the Colonel would last till the morning. He said he would call early next day, and giving orders that if he was wanted in the meantime he was to be sent for, and, beckoning the nurse to accompany him to the door, took his leave.

"Looking anxiously round the room, Colonel Mortlock motioned me to a chair.

once. I leave all my property to the National Lifeboat Institution, and I want to appoint you sole executor. You can put yourself down for fifty pounds for your trouble.'

"I said: 'Have you no relatives or others to whom you prefer to leave your money?'

"'None whatever. I have thought of this matter for over forty years, and that is long enough to make up one's mind'

"The will was soon made, and the

butler and nurse were called up to witness it. This finished, Colonel Mortlock said: 'Make sure that we are quite alone, and I will explain to you my reasons for making this will.'

"I carefully shut the door, saw that no one was in the passage, and took my seat by his bedside.

"Give me your hand,' said the old man, as a spasm of pain passed over his face and the perspiration broke out in great beads on his forehead. 'My death is nearer than I thought, and I must be quick and tell you my story, or else it will be too late. I dare say you wonder why I have left my money to the National Lifeboat Institution. Well, to explain this to you I must begin with my boyhood.

"I went to school at Winchester, and amongst my companions was one to whom I was particularly attached, Vivian Hayward. We were in the same form and in the same dormitory; we were in the same cricket team; and, up to a certain time, we were as fond of one another as two brothers could possibly be. He and I were both only sons, and sometimes during the holidays he used to come to my parents' house, sometimes I went to his home.

"In the third year of our acquaintance at school I began to take a dislike to him, a dislike that I never allowed myself to show. He was my rival in everything. He was a better cricketer than I was, he always won a prize just over my head, and in every department of either mental or physical activity he was my superior by the least possible degree. It was for this reason that the feeling of affection I had had for him slowly gave way to one of dislike, that increased day by day until it came to be one of absolute hatred. Yet I never let him see it. I repressed the feeling to the best of my ability.

"We left school about the same time, and we both went into the army, he still believing me to be his firmest friend. He had no jealousy of me; there was no occasion for any such feeling on his part. He joined, on my persuasion, another regiment, and for some three or four years I saw little or nothing of him, and the feeling of hatred died down in my mind.

"Again, however, we were thrown by some malignant fate into one another's society. Our regiments were quartered in the same town, and once more in every department of sport, in the hunting field and at the mess table, I could not but acknowledge to myself that he was my superior. Until his arrival I had carried all before me, but in the silence of the night I used to gnash my teeth with vexation to feel that since he had come I had been relegated to second place. I dare say you will wonder at the intensity of the feeling that thus arose in me.

"Pull up the blind,' he said, 'I should like to see the stars before I die.'

"The poor man had become very ex-

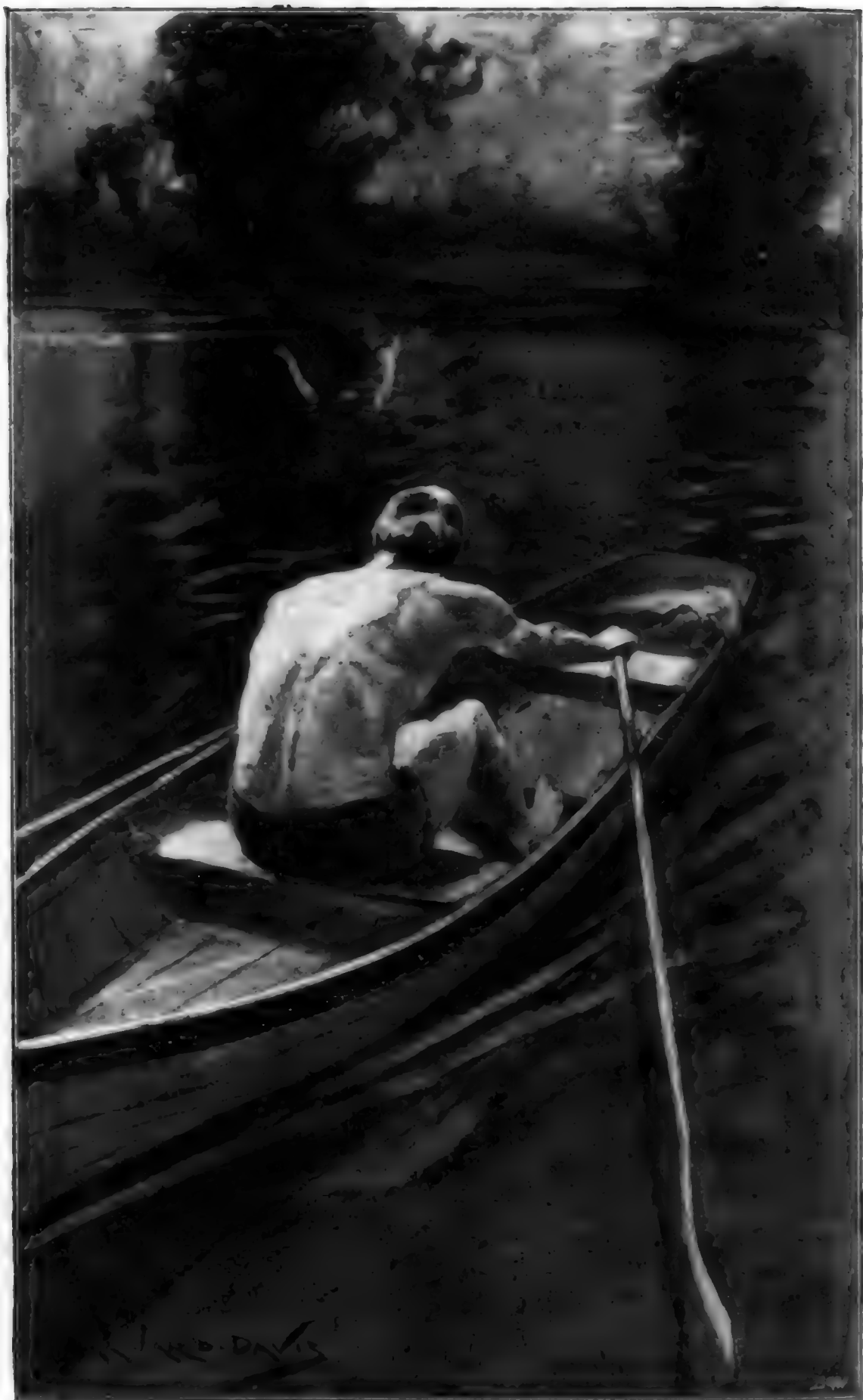


"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

cited during the last few moments, and in order to soothe him I did as he requested. For some moments there was silence while he gazed at the sky, which he would never see again. The stars were shining in that bright, crisp light they give in times of hard frost, and the moon lent her effulgence, and with the snowy landscape turned the night almost into day.

"While gazing at the sky, poor Mortlock was seized with another access of pain and lay writhing for some time. I went to him and held his hand and wiped his clammy forehead. Presently he spoke again.

"This has been the one secret of my life. Hayward and I seemed always fated to be rivals. I was greatly relieved shortly after his regiment was



"I WAS DEAF TO HIS CRIES"

quartered in the town to learn that my own was to move. Another two or three years elapsed before I saw him again. Meantime I had gone with my regiment to India, and we were stationed near Delhi. There I had carried all before me in various forms of sport. I was known as the best shot, as the best horseman, and, indeed, whenever a contest occurred it always fell to my lot to uphold the credit of the regiment, and I was at the time blissfully, supremely happy in the full tide of health and strength. Judge of my feelings, then, when I learned that Hayward's regiment was to be quartered with us. I cursed the day that ever I had met him, and I should in vain attempt to describe to you the feeling of hatred and jealousy which overwhelmed me.

"He was the same cheery, genial man that I had always known, and when he greeted me on his arrival no one could have told from my manner to him that we were anything but the closest friends; yet all the time a canker was eating in my heart, which was rapidly making my life a positive burden to me.

"As usual, Hayward took the keenest interest in all forms of sport. If I could boast of a day when I had shot thirty couple of snipe, Hayward would come in with his cheery smile and modestly admit that he had shot 33½. If I could lay claim to two boars that had fallen to my spear, Hayward's record was three. If we went out together pig-sticking, somehow Hayward always managed to get first blood; and so it was in everything. God knows how hard I struggled against the terrible feeling which was overwhelming me, so much so that I was often horribly rude to Hayward at mess. But he never resented it, poor fellow; not only was he better than I was, but his nature must have been a hundred times as good. He would say: *My dear Mortlock, you are out of sorts. What's the matter with you?* This very conduct on his part made me somehow hate him all the more. I even obtained leave and got away from the

regiment for a couple of months, and fought hard with myself to overcome this horrible feeling.

"On my return I learned that the inter-regimental Gymkhana was about to take place. Somehow, I knew that Hayward would have a better horse than I, and that any race we both entered for he would win. Then the devil entered into my heart.

"It was a stifling hot night about a week before the races. I went round to



"THE BODY WAS FOUND NEXT DAY"

Hayward's quarters and found he was just turning in. *Look here, Hayward, old chap, I said, let's come out for a bathe in the tank. I have my pony and buggy, and we can soon drive there.*

"After some grumbling, he consented. In a few minutes he and I, both dressed in pyjamas, were driving along the jungle road to the tank, which was a large piece of water very nearly a mile square. The moon was shining as it is to-night, and casting deep shadows across the road as we drove along.

"Having secured the pony to a tree, we ran down to the tank side and had soon rowed out to the middle. In a moment



more we were both in the water. *I will race you*, I said ; and we both swam as hard as we could round the boat.

"In this, as in everything else, Hayward was my superior, and when we were nearly exhausted I managed to slip away, and in a moment more I was in the boat and rowing as if for dear life for the bank.

"*Hallo!* cried Hayward, *old chap, I am about done. Don't play any pranks.*

"But I was deaf to his cries. He started to swim after the boat to the shore, but had not got more than two hundred yards or so when I saw his hands go up.

"At that moment the devil left me. I turned the boat and rowed with all my might to the place where I had seen him go down. There was not a sign nor a ripple. Round and round I went, calling him and peering into the moonlit water. All in vain.

"O God! what an agony of remorse I suffered then—an agony which has been with me in my waking hours for forty-three long years. My first impulse was to throw myself in after him, and at least share his untimely death. My senses seemed to leave me. I think I

must have rowed round and round the spot where I saw him sink for more than an hour. The cold morning breeze was rising as I recovered my faculties and hurried back to cantonments and gave the alarm.'

"During the progress of this confession poor Mortlock had been getting more and more exhausted, and the last few sentences had been spoken with great difficulty, and in an almost inaudible tone.

"Poor Hayward's body was found next day,' he continued, 'and what I have suffered since God only knows. I threw myself into every description of danger of which I could hear. The Mutiny broke out ; I led forlorn hopes, I was mentioned in dispatches ; they gave me the Victoria Cross—but I could not die. I seemed to bear a charmed life. But the end has come at last. I have sought repentance, and now I am going to meet the man I so——'

"Poor Mortlock never spoke another word. He was seized with another spasm of pain, and fearing that this might be the end, I hurried to the bell and called the nurse. But before anything could be done he had gone to join his friend."



# Regimental Journals.

By WALTER WOOD.

## NO. I.—FOOTGUARDS, LINE BATTALIONS AND VOLUNTEERS.

THE British Army has its triumphs in peace as well as war; and some of its sons are wielders of the pen as well as smiters with the sword. The thirst for literary work has long been with it, and her Majesty's forces number many editors, printers, and magazine contributors. The gentlemen who combine the profession of journalism with that of arms have need of stout hearts, for their disappointments are many and grievous. They are as different from the purely civilian editor as black is from white. One may knock for ever at the door of the latter and he will not say "Come in;" but so large-hearted does the military man become at times that he will not only bid the importunate one enter: he will actually waylay him in the highways and byways and take almost forcibly that literary fare which he has with him. There is scarcely

such a thing as "Declined with thanks" in the world of military journals. The literary adventurer may send in his contributions without enclosing stamps for their return, for his MSS. will neither journey long and wearily, nor acquire the mystic art of boomeranging through his letter-box.

The difficulty which often faces the military editor is not how to find space for the contributions, but to find contributions for the space. He is frequently imploring people to send in something,

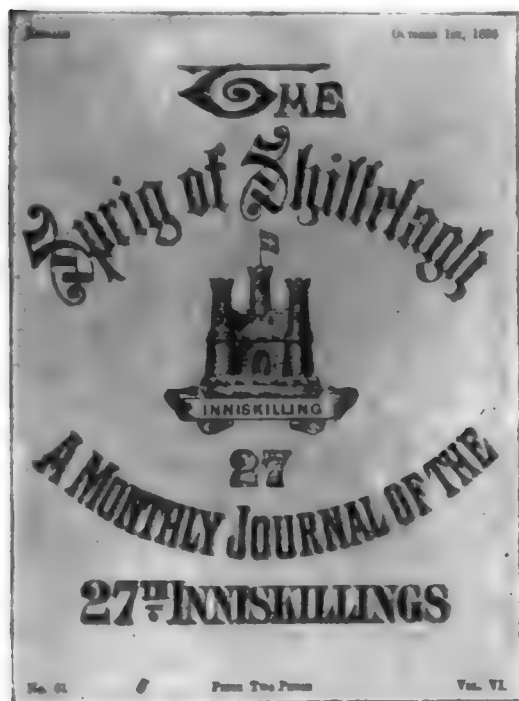
and occasionally he has to be content with a very scanty supply of news. But sometimes, even when news is tolerably plentiful, the magazine is not always out to time. Not long ago, for instance, the editor of the *Thistle* and the *Dragon* apologised for their lateness of production. The *Thistle* explained that the printing staff had been on military training, and that as type was scarce the printing of the paper had had to be done two pages at a time. The *Dragon*, notwithstanding its fearsome name, was also unable to bring itself out up to time, owing to the demands of musketry and military training generally. The *Tiger* and the *Rose*, not many months ago, did not come out at all, "owing to unforeseen circumstances over which the editor had no control;" but the defect was made good by a subsequent double number.

In several cases regimental journals are set, printed and published by members of the corps, and with rare exceptions the contributors are all in some way connected with the Regular, Militia, or Volunteer forces. In one case at least there is certainly an outside regular contributor, known as the "Daughter of the Regiment." This lady writes for the *Third Lanark Chronicle*, the organ of that distinguished corps the Third Lanark Rifle Volunteers; but as she is the daughter of Major Wilson, V.D., of



that battalion, she may almost be regarded as being on the strength of the regiment.

It has to be a very poor regiment that does not include some man, or men, who

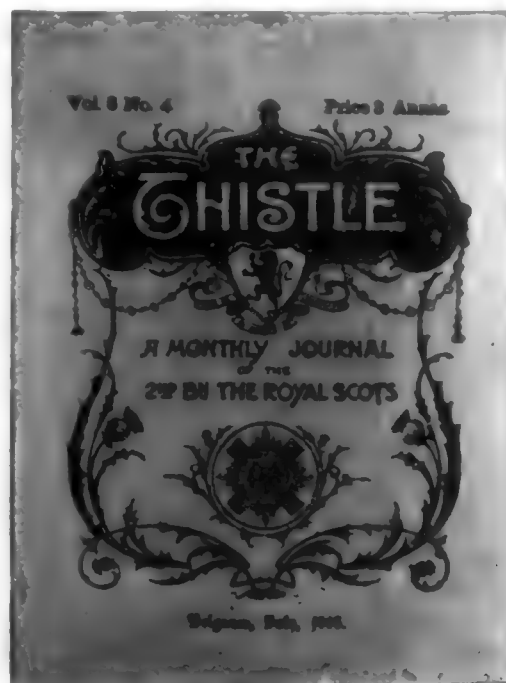


have had experience of printing work either inside or outside a newspaper office, and to them the task is frequently entrusted of putting "copy" into type and giving it to an admiring if somewhat limited circle of supporters. In the great majority of cases the services of a professional "reader" are not available, and it is to be feared that at times proofs are not even revised. Here again it is only charitable to presume that the stern demands of the military calling put aside for the moment all journalistic claims. What other explanation can be given of the allegation in a poetical effusion by "Gilhooly" in the *XXX.*, entitled "Very Peculiar," that one is anxious to "wash" a certain girl? The expression certainly was peculiar, since the word in the poet's mind was obviously "mash."

Some of the chief purposes of a regimental journal have been admirably summed up by Captain Alfred E. Balfour, who lately relinquished the editorship of the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, one of the very best of the journals. In a letter to the writer Captain Balfour says: "I believe a regimental paper to be a great aid to recruiting. Many young men nowadays

have no chance of reading military records, and join a regiment without knowing what it has done, or even what actions it has taken part in. They are consequently (if they are at all interested in their profession) much biased by reading about the noble deeds of old days in a regimental paper, and are inclined to join a regiment which is proud to show its 'daily life' in print, and to learn that the life of a soldier is not all drill, but that cricket and football, etc., in the time of peace, are also the means of a regiment obtaining fresh laurels to adorn the colours."

Two or three corps claim the honour of having started the first regimental paper, but there seems to be little doubt that the pioneer journal was the *Borderers' Chronicle*, the organ of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The *Chronicle* was first established in 1869, at Bareilly, India, by Mr. Dampier, and it had a brief existence of three years. It was re-started at Jubblepore, in 1872, and again in 1880 and 1881, at Peshawar and Cherat, when it was edited by Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Ross. The present editor is Lieutenant Ronald C. Gibb, who informs me that the *Chronicle* is produced by a sergeant and two



privates as compositors, etc. As to the source of contributions, Lieutenant Gibb gives the following particulars, which are of special interest in view of a late "little war": "Officers, and non-com-

missioned officers, and men of the regiment, principally, including correspondents at the Dépôt, at Berwick, and in the 2nd Battalion. The latter has lately been sending us very interesting letters from Chitral, where the battalion has been serving with the Chitral Relief Force. We also frequently get letters and articles from old Borderers of all ranks."

Another old veteran which has for the moment, but the moment only, fallen out of the journalistic ranks, is the *Bugle*, the paper of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. "We do not carry on the paper on home service," says Major Adamson, a former editor of the *Bugle*, "but as soon as the 1st Battalion, or Old 51st Light Infantry, go abroad again, it will appear as usual. The paper was first started at Fyzabad, on 15th April, 1874. It was printed at the Regimental Printing Press. The paper may be said to have been four times on active service, as it was carried on through the Jowaki Expedition of 1877, the two Afghan Campaigns, and the Burma War from 1886-87." Major Adamson was good enough to send me for inspection the bound volume of the earliest copies of the *Bugle*. That most interesting num-

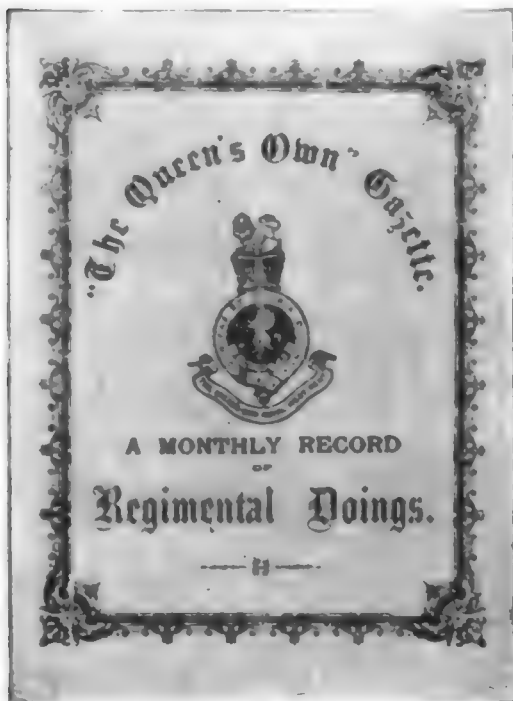
of having Shooting Matches, etc., etc., duly published. This will be a sure method of obtaining publication.

Mr. Fulton did not name his terms, but it is to be presumed that they were some-



what less than a guinea for the attendance fee, and 8d. a folio for the transcript. The first number also contained an amusing account of how General Olpherts, V.C., the "old fire-eater," sang a "Song o' Sixpence," "with appropriate tone and gesture," to a little urchin in the regimental schools at Fyzabad.

Regiments have, of course, their own particular and well-beloved journals, and in every case the title selected is one that has some special reference to the corps. In many instances either the old regimental number or the territorial title is indicated, but in other cases some name of peculiar significance is chosen. the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine* cannot but concern that highly fashionable body the Foot Guards. The *Men of Harlech*, again, is bound to apply as much to a Welsh regiment as the *Sprig of Shillelagh* is to an Irish, or the *Thistle* to a Scotch corps. But it is not so easy to identify many of the others unless one is conversant with military nicknames and traditions. *Ours* would hardly be sufficient to indicate the Yorkshire Regiment; nor is the title *5 and 9, The Lily Whites' Gazette*, enough to show that it is the organ of the 2nd Battalion the East Lancashire Regiment, the Old



ber, the first, contains the following curious advertisement:—

#### NOTICE.

OUR REPORTER (C. Fulton, B Company) will always be at the disposal of parties desirous

59th, known at one time as the "Lily Whites," from its facings. The 1st Battalion—the Old 30th—has a title which is easily identified, *The XXX*.—and this is the case with other journals

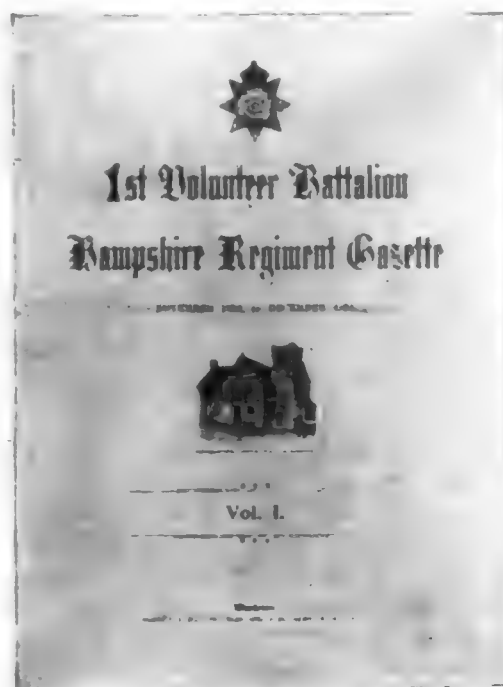


bearing regimental numbers. The *Nines*, the paper of the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, gets its name from the former number of the corps—the 99th. The *Queen's Own Gazette* is the mouthpiece of the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment). The *Queen's Own* is one of the oldest and best regimental journals, the date of its birth being January 1st, 1875. The editor is Major L. Brock-Hollinshead, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Gilburd is the assistant editor. The *Queen's Own* is not so ambitious in size and general production as many of the journals now published, but it has the merit of being entirely produced regimentally. It is an eight-page monthly periodical, and the price to officers of line battalions is 6d., and to the non-commissioned officers and men 1d. Other subscribers are charged 3d. The contributors are the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the line battalions, with sundry ex-officers and civilians interested in the regiment. An officer is appointed as regular correspondent in the home and foreign battalions, while the other officers are occasional correspondents. Generally speaking the method of producing the *Queen's Own*

is that which is adopted throughout the Service. In a few instances, however, there are distinct outside writers, as, for instance, John Strange Winter, who published a short story in the October number of the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine*. Military editors, of course, pounce as readily as their civilian brethren upon any general newspaper item that is of special interest to them.

The price of regimental journals varies considerably. That of the *Brigade of Guards' Magazine* is 8d., with special terms to soldiers, and other organs run down to 3d., 2d., or 1d. The editors are for the most part officers, but occasionally a non-commissioned officer or private has charge. The joint editors of the *Sutherland News*, for instance, not long ago were a couple of privates of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and the editor of the *Thin Red Line* is Sergeant Stonor; while Sergeant W. S. Kee, Inniskilling Fusiliers, has the honour of being sub-editor of the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, a most humorous regimental paper.

Badges and mottoes are favourite subjects for titles. The *Dragon*, the badge of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), is the name of the journal of that dis-



tinguished corps. The *Thistle* gets its name from the badge of the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment); the bugle is the badge of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, in common with other light infantry



battalions; and the *Bugle*, as I have already stated, is the title of an organ published by that regiment. The *Tiger and Rose* make a happy combination of the Royal Tiger and the Union Rose, which are the badges of the York and Lancaster Regiment; and the *Tiger and Sphinx* have been evolved as a name from the badges of the Gordon Highlanders. The *Maple Leaf* gets its name from one of the two badges of the Leinster Regiment—the old 100th—while the *Bengal Tiger*, the journal of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, derives its name from one of the badges of that famous regiment. The *Thin Red Line* is appropriately enough the title of the paper of the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who at Balaclava carried out Sir Colin Campbell's daring project of receiving the Russians in line; and the Royal Irish Rifles have chosen as the name of their journal *Quis Separabit?* the regimental motto. The *Old and Bold* was the name by which the West Yorkshire Regiment were at one time known, and the members have kept its memory green by issuing a journal bearing the words as a title. The *St. George's Gazette* is published by the Northumberland Fusiliers; the *Light Bob Gazette* is issued by the Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry bring out *One and All*. The *Lancashire Lad* is the organ of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, the only corps in the Service which is entitled "Loyal"; and the *XVI.* is the name of the journal of the Bedfordshire Regiment, the Old 16th. The *79th News* is the title of the journal of the Cameron Highlanders—the only single-battalion corps in the army—and the *2nd Suffolk Gazette* is the paper of the Suffolk Regiment.

There are very few Volunteer Regi-

mental Journals. The oldest is that of the 17th North Middlesex; and the next in point of seniority is the *1st V.B. Hants Gazette*, which completed its sixth year on November 1st, of last year. This is an admirable paper in every way, and it exercises a wide influence under the editorship of Colonel T. Sturmy Cave, V.D., who informs me that he makes a point of accepting no matter except from the pen of a Volunteer. In every case where reports are given as from "Our Own Correspondent," the author is one of the officers of his own battalion.

Regimental papers have a larger circulation than one might be disposed

to imagine. Of No. 1 of the *Bugle* 500 copies were printed, and when the paper was discontinued the issue was 1,100 or 1,200. The circulation of the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, of which 4,000 copies of the first number were printed, is about 2,200. Some of the papers, however, are not quite so fortunate, and one learns with genuine regret, in the case of the *Maple Leaf*, for instance, that "unless our circle of subscribers greatly increases we shall be

compelled to raise the price of the paper."

Not a few of the papers are illustrated, and some of the pictures are really admirable. They are mostly the work of officers, and possess the great and not too common merit of technical accuracy.

The *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle* is amongst the best of the illustrated class, and one or two drawings in it are specially noteworthy. That relating to the evolution of the regimental badge is exceedingly good. It was drawn by Major Carey, of the Highland Light Infantry, and the facts are in the main true. There was a great controversy between the old 71st and the 74th, when they were linked together and made one regiment, as to whose badge should be the



The Journal of the Royal Irish Rifles.

most prominent in the combined badge. The 71st badge was the bugle and Highland Light Infantry monogram, and the 74th badge was the elephant and

"Assaye." Neither regiment would give way to the other. The ultimate result was the present badge of the regiment, as shown in the drawing.



WELL CLEARED!

DRAWN BY STANLEY L. WOOD

# *Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.*

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

## STRONHEIM'S EXTREMITY.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

I HAD called on my friend the Keeper of Coins and Medals at the Museum. We had been College chums and did not stand on ceremony.

"I shall be busy for an hour," he said, as we shook hands. He pointed to a batch of medals, marred and defaced to bewildering extent. "I am getting to the end of them. If you can come back again I shall be delighted. We will lunch together." Or if you care to remain here till I have finished, I can give you a rare old folio to dip into."

"I will remain," I replied. "I enjoy this musty odour of antiquity."

The Keeper smiled. "If you were fated to endure as much of it as I do," he returned, "you would probably prefer oxygen."

Five minutes later an attendant entered.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

The Keeper glanced up through his spectacles displeased. He read the card before him.

"Did you tell him I am busy?"

"I told him, sir. He says it is urgent. It has to do with the Hierator coin."

"Ah!" The keeper laid down his magnifying glasses. If there were a tender spot in his heart the Hierator coin had found it. It was a superb specimen recently added to the collection under his charge. Its history was sufficiently recondite to have taxed without baffling his skill in the matter of classification, yet was it so well-preserved, the classic obverse so exquisite and clear, that even a tyro in the numismatic art like myself could not have failed to admire it. Apart from its beautiful workmanship, its value was determined by the fact that it belonged to a period whereof but few evidences remained. Moreover, it was an unique specimen, no other of its kind being known to exist. It had had a whole column of the *Times* devoted to it, a column that was a very

monument of lore. Its value in specie was variously estimated at from £50 to £2,000. It was probably worth £1,000, but the authorities of the Museum into whose possession it had come entertained not the remotest intention of parting with it. To them it was priceless, for it completed a series long incomplete.

The Keeper looked anxious. The source of the coin had not been altogether satisfactory, and he had suffered, he told me, not a few waking nightmares lest someone should turn up to establish a claim upon it.

"I will see the gentleman," he said.

He swept the mouldering bronze and silver heap before him into a drawer, which he carefully locked. Then he changed his glasses, and leaned back in his chair, his eyes on the door, an anxious fold between his brows.

"I wish I could feel secure about that Hierator," he remarked.

The attendant appeared presently ushering in a tall, thin, shabbily-dressed man. The man bowed squarely, and ceremoniously. He was obviously a foreigner.

"Herr Stronheim," the Keeper read, consulting the card and returning the bow, "what can I do for you?"

It may have been prejudice in the interests of the Hierator, but I thought he did not like the look of the man. His face was sharp and thin and his glances travelled nervously — almost furtively about the room.

"Sir, I am obliged to you," the stranger rejoined, with only a slight German accent, and in a pleasant enough voice. "I have a letter to you from Professor Von Brau, of Berlin. I take the liberty of presenting it in person."

"Von Brau, Von Brau?" the Keeper echoed dubiously, "do I know him?"

Stronheim seemed taken aback.

"I understood him to be a friend—a

friend of many years. Is it Doctor Keith Bernard I have the honour of addressing?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Bernard. With your permission I will read the letter. Please sit down."

The visitor sat down. His face was agitated. His glance still travelled furtively about the room. The Keeper reading the note observed him from time to time above his spectacles. It was briefly, I learned later, a letter of introduction. Professor Von Brau, dating

"You now remember the Professor?" Stronheim queried.

The Keeper shook his head.

"One meets so many gentlemen at conferences, and I fear I cannot for the moment recall your friend."

The German leaned forward in his chair. "May I nevertheless hope—" he began, hurriedly.

He stopped short. The Keeper noticed that his hand on the rail of his chair was trembling. It occurred to him, as it did

to me, that the man had had no breakfast.

"I made the journey on purpose—" Stronheim began again. His pinched face suggested at what cost.

"I shall be glad," my friend responded, kindly, "if I can help you in any way. I am afraid if it should be a position you are seeking—"

Stronheim shook his head. "It is not that," he said. "You are very good. It is not that, but the matter is of much moment to me."

The Keeper implied by a gesture that he awaited Herr Stronheim's pleasure.

"You have here a coin—"

"The Hierator," Bernard interjected.

"The Hierator. May I be permitted to see it?"

The Keeper kept his eyes fixed on the other. Plainly this was a claimant.

"The Hierator is on public view in Coin Room No. III., in the centre case, facing the window," he said briefly, adding, "If you wish it I will send a man to point it out to you."

"Sir, you are good; but I wish more. I ask for the privilege to examine it closely—to take it in my hands."

The request was unusual. Bernard scanned him. Certainly, his credentials



"LET ME EXAMINE IT"

from a medical college in Berlin, recalled himself to the recollection of Dr. Keith Bernard, whom he had met some years earlier at an Antiquarian Congress. He begged to be allowed to present to Dr. Keith Bernard, Herr Stronheim, a gentleman with whom he himself was but slightly acquainted, though he came to him warmly commended by friends. There was some small matter wherein he should regard it as an honour to himself and a personal kindness if Dr. Keith Bernard would assist Herr Stronheim.

did not warrant the placing of much trust in him. He was shabby and ill-at-ease, and his boots, though decently blacked, were broken. In Britain we are apt to think lightly of men with broken boots, especially if we have reason for doubting that they have breakfasted. Moreover, I could see my friend was jealous for his Hierator.

"The request is unusual," he objected. "May I inquire the object?"

Stronheim evaded the question. "I but wish to take it in my hands one moment."

"You will surely explain your purpose."

"Pardon me, I must beg of you to permit me to reserve that."

Bernard hardened. Obviously no good was intended to his treasure.

"I fear, sir," he said, civilly, but firmly, "I fear, then, I cannot comply with your request."

The German made a gesture of protest.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you surely do not suspect me of—of what can you suspect me?"

"The request is unusual, and you give me no reason."

Stronheim put a hand to his throat and turned away. The fingers of the other hand grappled convulsively with the chair rail. After a minute he faced round.

"I cannot tell you the importance of this matter to me," he faltered. "My future—the future of others—depends upon it."

My friend had warm spots in his heart beside that occupied by the Hierator. I saw him weaken.

"Bless me," he said cordially, "if you are so anxious you shall see it."

"I too?" I motioned with my lips. He assented, smiling.

He took up his velvet skull cap, and cutting short the Teuton's effusive and guttural gratitude, with a British and kindly "Not at all, not at all," he preceded us across a lobby and up sundry steps to Room No. III. of Coins and Medals.

The great room, its walls lined with shelved glass cases, its space pervaded by them, only narrow intersections being left for the passage of visitors, was apparently empty; but a moment later a custodian, bearing his wand of office, respectfully joined us.

We went quickly down the narrow passages, the cases filled with green and mouldy-looking treasures seeming to

engulf us in a tomb-like silence. Nobody was there, since only the few take interest in coins.

The Keeper stopped before a case—he could have found his way there in the dark, I believe—and in the centre rested the Hierator, on the velvet bosom of a handsomely-casketed. An inscription beneath recorded its date, and briefly a portion of its history.

Bernard, for the moment mindless of the stranger's possible designs upon his treasure, pointed it out with pride.

"There he is," he said, smiling, "there he is—the finest coin in our collection."

The German gazed with greedy eyes. He pressed his features close against the glass, examining it absorbedly. There was a strange light on his face.

The Keeper watched him, as did I. What was his motive? His eyes fastened on it as upon some long-loved prize.

He thrust a pale long-fingered hand toward it.

"Let me examine it," he broke out hoarsely.

I thought Bernard regretted his concession. But he was a man of his word. He fitted a key to the door. The custodian, wand in hand, stood by. He maintained a vigilant scrutiny of the stranger. Obviously he did not like his looks. Possibly he, too, suspected that the shabby foreigner had had no breakfast.

Bernard took the leather casket from the case, and held it a moment in his hand. He looked with pleasure and affection on its occupant. Then he passed it over to the German.

Stronheim bowed as he stretched his trembling fingers for it. His eyes devoured its every curve and marking. He bent above it with an ashen face. Soon he lost consciousness of everything beside. He did not see the respectful half-questioning glance of the custodian upon the Keeper, nor the Keeper's fixed scrutiny upon himself. He put a finger on the coin with a suggestion of lifting it from its casket.

"May I be permitted?" he inquired.

Bernard nodded. His face was grave. Certainly one might have suspected that this was the Hierator's lawful owner. Only one in whose possession it had been could love it as this man plainly did. The German removed it, setting the empty casket on a neighbouring case.

At that moment a man entering the



room by a door at the further end suddenly stumbled, and, with three clattering steps to recover his balance, and a loud guttural cry, measured his length on the floor. We all instinctively turned. There was a sound as of metal striking wood and ringing sharply, a muttered exclamation, and the German was down on hands and knees feeling and searching with his long blanched fingers.

"I started and dropped it," he explained tremulously.

We had turned our heads but for a second. As my glance swung back from the prostrate man at the end of the room, I thought I saw something fall and disappear. In a moment Bernard was on his knees. A few swift looks and sweeps of his hand sufficed to show him that the coin had vanished. If it were there at all it would take time to find. He turned his eyes from Stronheim's face, bent white and anxious on the floor, instinctively towards the figure of the man, who now erect, was leaving the room. Something in the latter's threadbare aspect, linked with the recollection of his guttural cry, seemed to impress him. He whispered the custodian. A moment later the custodian's steps were echoing loud and hollow down the room. He followed the stranger out through the lower doorway.

Bernard furtively turned up a coat sleeve, mentally measuring his strength against that of his adversary. He glanced at me with a grim expression.

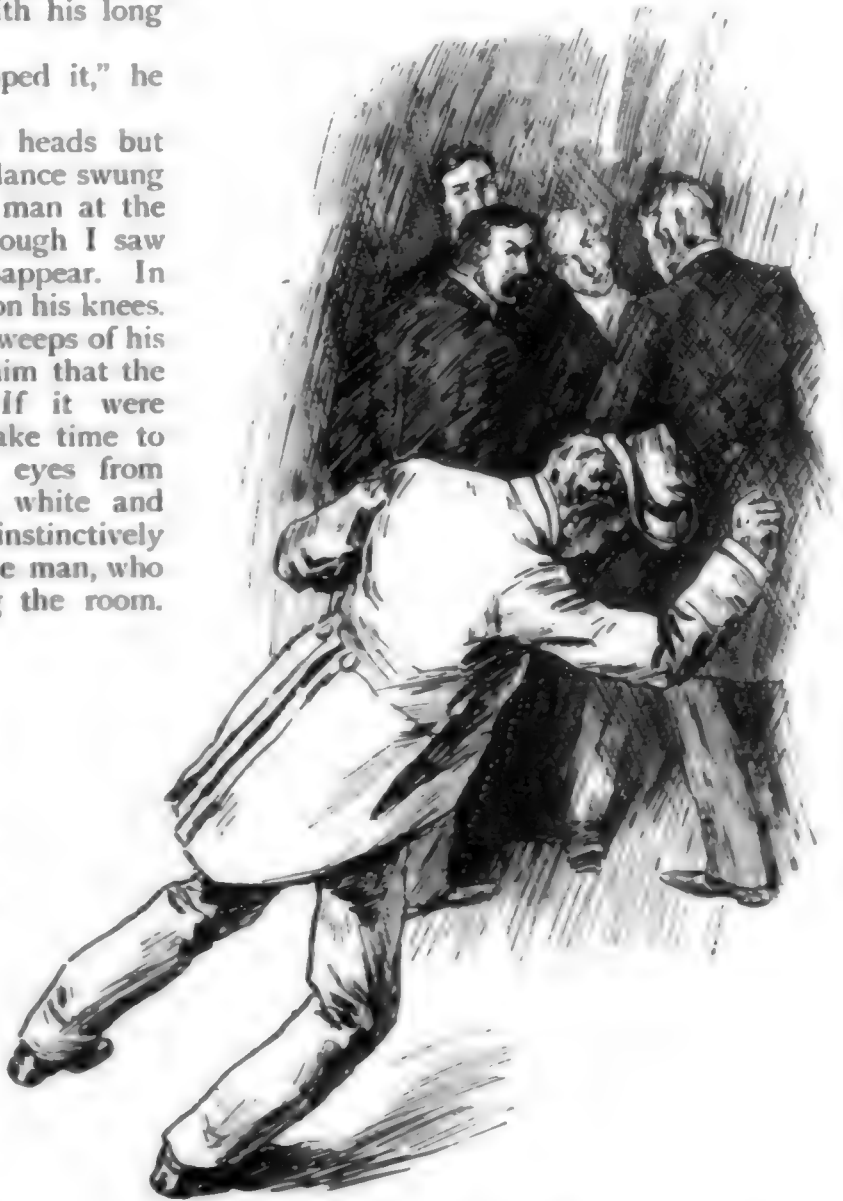
"Sir, how can I express my regret," the German apologised, still searching with agitated eye and hand. "It was unpardonably awkward. But I am not well to-day. The man falling unnerved me. I let the Hierator drop. It must have rolled far."

There was a strange exultation in his voice. Under cover of his stooping posture he smiled secretly. He searched

with care, but the anxiety of some minutes earlier had died out of his face.

"You can laugh as you like, my man," the Keeper muttered in a savage aside, "but your troubles are only beginning. Britons are not so easily fooled."

The custodian now came back. He nodded to his superior's questioning eye.



"SUDDENLY STUMBLED"

Then he too went on hands and knees, apparently searching, but his gaze made significantly for one after another of the shabby German's pockets, as though he were speculating as to which at that moment concealed the Hierator.

Stronheim grew anxious. He began to search feverishly, and with a degree of wild aimlessness. He swept his glances near and far. His features worked. Then he put a curb on himself and fell to more methodically. He took a knife from his

pocket. We kept our eyes on him. He opened a blade and proceeded to slip it carefully some six or eight feet's length along the cracks between the boards. He probed thus every crack of the passage in which we stood. This failing, "Mein Gott!" he said, in hollow tones, straightening himself for a moment to get the ache out of his back. With a haggard face he started further down and worked slowly up the floor, dragging the knife-blade vigilantly in the crevices, his ear inclined, his fingers a-search for the clink of metal as though his life depended on it. He carried this manœuvre several yards further in either direction up the room.

As one after another the cracks failed him, his hands trembled visibly. The Keeper and custodian had risen to their feet. They viewed him with disapproving faces, faces that spoke of rising exasperation at this which seemed to them a farce.

The German, absorbed in his efforts, paid them no heed. Bernard turned, closed the door of the case whence the Hierator had been taken, and locked it.

A party of children entering and detecting the group—one man on hands and knees—clattered hurriedly up the room, the small feet of the younger members of the party multiplying the footsteps of those bigger by hollow two-to-ones as they scrambled along, keeping pace with their elders. The custodian motioned them. They remained at a distance disappointed, but breathlessly whispering and watching with widely-opened eyes.

"Mein Gott!" the German exclaimed again, as he came to the end of the longer span of cracks without finding anything. The sweat stood thick on his face. He looked up to where we stood regarding him.

"I have never seen such a thing," he cried. "It dropped. I saw it strike the floor and roll, and then it disappeared. I could swear it rolled no farther than this."

He indicated a spot with a broken boot.

The Keeper and custodian regarded the boot.

A clock clanged twelve. Stronheim started up.

"If you permit it," he addressed Bernard, "I will return in an hour, and search till it is found. Lock up the room and I will go carefully over every inch.

I have at a quarter past twelve an appointment with the Consul. But I will return at once."

The custodian laughed outright.

The Keeper regarded him sternly.

"Monstrous!" he said. "Do you suppose I shall allow you to leave this place until the coin is found? Is it of any use to continue this farce?"

Stronheim stood staring at him.

Then "Himmel!" he protested, "do you suspect me of stealing it?"

Bernard made a movement of impatience.

"The coin must be found before you leave," he rejoined shortly.

"Must I lose my appointment with the Consul, sir?"

"Undoubtedly."

The German wiped his brow helplessly.

"What an unfortunate I am," he muttered, "and just as I hoped everything. Sir, I swear to you—sir, I am a man of birth and education. I assure you——"

Bernard cut him short.

"I have made no accusation, I only demand the coin. A few minutes since it was in your possession, where is it now?"

"On the floor, sir, assuredly, somewhere on the floor. It must be to be found."

"Assuredly," my friend returned, "it must be to be found."

The German went again on hands and knees.

The children from their distance watched him breathlessly. They also ran their sharp eyes over the floor. To them the scene was absorbingly interesting. What was the man on the floor so anxiously hunting? And would he find it? And if he did not find it what would happen? It was a thousand times more diverting than old pennies and mouldy things in glass cases. The German rose to his feet again.

"I have failed," he admitted, spreading his hands out with a fatalistic gesture. He glanced towards the fog-darkened windows. "The light is little," he deprecated.

"It will be my unpleasant duty to have you searched," the Keeper said, "unless the coin be at once produced. I have wasted time enough."

Yet he seemed sorry for the man, as I was. He was obviously a person of cultivation, despite his poor condition.

Stronheim started as though he had been struck.

"Searched?" he echoed, in a hollow



"HE PROBED EVERY CRACK IN THE PASSAGE"

voice. "Searched!" he repeated terror-stricken. He steadied himself against the corner of a cabinet. He panted as if he had run a race. The Keeper observed him. Why should he dread being searched if he had not the coin? If he were innocent he would surely court inquiry. There was but one inference to be drawn.

"It is our routine practice," he said shortly.

The German was taken with convulsive shuddering. The custodian eyed him contemptuously. He glanced impatiently at his superior. What was the good of this fuss? Why did he not straightway hand him over to the police? He attracted Bernard's attention. His lips formed a voiceless word. Bernard shook his head. Give the poor devil a chance, he indicated compassionately, only—his face hardened—the Hierator must be found.

The German composed himself. "I refuse to be searched," he cried. He wiped the sweat-drop from his brow. "I refuse to be searched," he repeated.

"Why should you mind if you are innocent?"

"Why should I mind? I mind much. It is—it is—" he was manifestly seeking excuse—"it is an insult. You suspect me of theft. I come to you as one gentleman to another, sir. I bring a letter of introduction from Professor Von Brau—"

"I have no alternative," the Keeper answered. He had now not a doubt as to the other's guilt. His dread of being searched convicted him out of hand.

"I will look again," Stronheim said desperately, sweeping a swift instinctive glance toward the door. But the custodian forestalled him, moving a few paces between it and the suspect. Stronheim understood and glared upon him. He made a gesture of despair. Then he took out a pencil, and marking off an area still larger than that he had already gone over, and using his handkerchief clusterwise, he swept every inch of the floor. He found nothing.

He shook his head and muttered:

"I will never be searched."

He took a box of matches from a pocket, and striking half a dozen at a time, he scanned the boards minutely.

Still he found nothing.

"Gott im Himmel," he muttered again, "they shall never search me."

He started slipping his knife along the

cracks again, taking the wider area. But nothing came of it. He went over the ground once more: with no result. He sat up, and covering his face with his hands moaned under his breath.

"I give it up," he wailed brokenly. "Fate is against me. Some devil is in it."

"You will submit to be searched."

He threw out his palms. His eyes seemed to start out of his head.

"Then I am a lost man," he exclaimed.

"You had better give the coin up," Bernard remarked quietly.

"I have it not." Yet his hand went instinctively to an inner pocket.

"If you do not give it up I must send for the police."

Stronheim stared stupidly before him.

"I am a lost man," he mumbled. Then he suddenly swayed, and fell forward on his face. In the excitement ensuing the children drew nearer. They thought he was dead. It was a rare morning's entertainment indeed—to see a man die.

"Shall I take it from him, sir?" the custodian queried, his hand on the German's coat.

The Keeper shook his head.

"It's here in his breast pocket," the man urged. "I can feel it through the cloth."

"Let it be," the other said. "Undo his collar, and open the window."

Stronheim had just unclosed his lids and was blinking the misery awaiting him into his consciousness, when suddenly a commotion rose among the children.

"It's mine." "No 'taint, I seed it furst." "Oh! you little liar, I seed it." "I picked it up anyways." "Give it me!" "Give it me!" "Yes giv' it 'm, he's my bruvver."

The cries waxed to a hubbub. The custodian bore down upon them. Two boys were on the point of blows. The man rapped their heads with his wand.

"Now then, clear out, you youngsters. Make yourselves scarce, I say."

The boys sobered. They eyed one another muttering fiercely. One whimpered.

"Now then, clear out, or the police will have you," the custodian threatened.

"He's got my penny," the whimpering boy protested.

"'Taint yours, and 'taint a penny," the other retorted.

The chorus began again. "You're a liar, I seed it first." "Giv' it him, he's my bruvver."

The custodian rapped heads and knuckles indiscriminately. "Police!" he called, in a loud whisper.

As the boys scuffled, something fell to the ground. A girl darted toward it. But the custodian was before her. He had it in his hand. He examined it amazedly. It was the Hierator!

Bernard strode towards him.

"God bless me," he said, taking the Hierator tenderly. "Who would have thought it? Here children," he called to the departing and depressed youngsters, "here's a shilling between you. Twopence a piece, big and little."

The German smiled faintly when they laid it before him.

"I told you," he murmured, "I am no thief. But, mein Gott, what a fright I have had!"

"Why in the name of all that is inexplicable did you refuse to be searched," the Keeper asked some minutes later, when the still faint Strenheim reclined in his room, imbibing strength from brandy and water. The other German, whom they had taken for an accomplice, and placed under detention, had been released, and the Hierator had been safely locked into its case again.

The German smiled. Then he sat up and looked at us one after the other.

He put a hand into his breast pocket, and, with an air of mystery, drew out a small object. Still smiling he held it toward Bernard.

"Good Heavens!

—the Hierator. I thought I had—"

"So you did, sir. This is not your Hierator, though a Hierator. I picked it up in an old iron shop in Vienna. Till I chanced upon the article in your *Times* I had no notion that the coin was worth money. I brought it over to compare with yours. I had been unfortunate. An illness robbed me of a good position. My money was gone. My family was



"IT WAS THE HIERATOR"

"Where did you find it?" he demanded.

"I picked it up," the boy exclaimed. "I seed it lying be'ind the leg of a taible, and I picked it up. It's mine, not Bill's."

"It isn't either of yours," the custodian said. "It belongs here. Now then, be off with you."

He was considerably crestfallen. He had been so confident of the German's guilt.



starving. Just then a good opening offered, but it needed some £500 capital. I read your *Times*. I spent my remaining funds in coming to England. You kindly permitted me to examine the coin. I found it identical with mine. It was my last hope. If I had failed, Heaven knows what would have become of us!"

There was a moment's silence. He resumed.

"You ask me why I refused to be searched. I ask you and this gentleman"—he bowed towards me—"what chance should I have had with a Hierator, a coin understood to be unique, in my pocket. Would anybody have troubled to look further? I should have been convicted of theft—ruined. Now——"

He spread out his hands with his

former fatalistic gesture. But this time he expressed that destiny left nothing to be desired. My friend looked gloomy for the space of a minute. The uniqueness of the Hierator had been such a feather in the cap of his collection. Then the man got the better of the numismatist.

He stepped forward and shook the German's trembling hand.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said heartily. "Any museum of consequence, or private collector, will give you at least £1,000 for it."

"In the meantime," I suggested, "if you and this gentleman," indicating Stronheim, "will give me the pleasure of your company, we will go and get some lunch"



FACING THE MUSIC

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS

*From Generation to Generation.*

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF RUTLAND.



FIRST DUKE



THIRD WIFE OF FIRST DUKE



WIFE OF SECOND DUKE



THIRD DUKE



FOURTH DUKE



WIFE OF FOURTH DUKE



FIFTH DUKE



WIFE OF FIFTH DUKE

*THE LUDGATE*



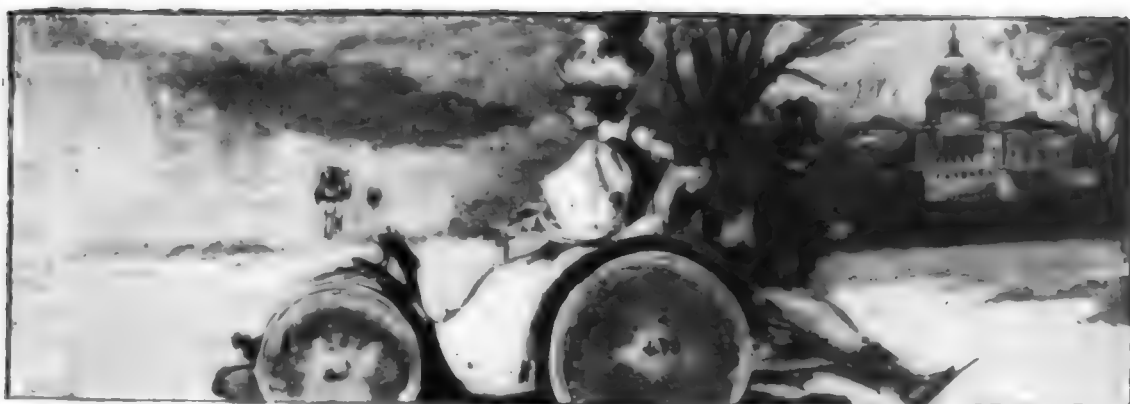
**SIXTH DUKE**

From a photograph by Godfrey Allen, Clifton



**THE PRESENT DUKE**

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.



## *Concerning Motor Cars.*

**A**T the present moment the busy inventor here has not much encouragement to turn his thoughts to the subject of the motor car.

A vehicle that causes its owner to be fined whenever it moves at a speed of more than two miles an hour, and has at all times to be preceded by a man with a red flag, is not likely to be much in demand, nor is there any inducement to make improvements in its mechanism. But, though it is a daring thing to prophesy as to when our legislators will

repeal foolish laws, you may be very certain that within a short time the motor car will be common in our streets, and our newspapers will harrow us less often with paragraphs relating to the horrid accidents that happen to horses having the misfortune to be employed in great cities.

Nevertheless, if it be desired to see the state of perfection to which these horseless carriages have been brought, we must needs look abroad, to countries where the inventor has not been daunted



DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE ON THE PONT AU CHANGE, PARIS



by hostile regulations. In the United States and in France, as is well known, the inventor has had every encouragement, and races have been organised with handsome prizes for the winner. In our second illustration, for example, you are shown a Daimler motor carriage of the same type as that which came in first in the great race from Bordeaux to Paris,

for neither horses nor bicycle could have covered the same ground in the same time. In another race between Paris and Rouen the winning carriage, a petroleum motor, did the distance of eighty miles in five hours and forty minutes, including two breaks of fifteen minutes apiece.

In the United States, of course, the

novelty of horseless carriages has been greeted with an enthusiastic welcome everywhere. Our third illustration represents another motor car of the Daimler kind, which is at present being used in New York. A great race took place at Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day, 1895. The weather was abominable, the ground being covered with snow and slush, so that the strongest team of horses would have been hard put to it to do the distance prescribed—fifty-four miles—in twelve hours. The winning carriage, a Duryea vehicle, was further hampered by several acci-



A MOTOR CARRIAGE

which took place, and was greatly discussed in the papers, in the June of last year. In this race the distance of 726 miles from Paris to Bordeaux and back was covered at an average speed of almost fifteen miles to the hour for day and night running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes. Obviously this demonstrates the practical utility of motor carriages,

dents on the road, but her time for the whole distance was but eight hours.

There is no doubt that we may expect a boom in motor cars almost as remarkable as recent developments in cycling. Once the thing has really started all sorts and conditions of manufacturers will become producers, for there is no one who holds essential or controlling patents. The promoter of the Chicago

race gave practical proof of his belief in the certainty of this development when he gave five thousand dollars in prize money. He may be sanguine, but it is interesting to learn that he expects within so short a period as five years from the present time to see five of these vehicles upon the streets of cities to one that is drawn by horses.

Of course the important matter to be considered by manufacturers is that of securing easy and safe control of the carriage. The horse has sometimes been talked of as a foolish creature: its nerves assuredly give the devil's advocate some excuse for his utterances. But it is possible that we hardly realise how much the average driver trusts to the intelligence of his horse or horses. With the motor car this will be impossible: continual care will be necessary. The farmer who drinks over-much at the Saturday's market and falls asleep as he goes home in his motor-driven dog-cart, is much likelier to wake up in another world than at his own gate

speed as absolute reliability in stopping, backing, turning quickly, etc. It is likely that the motor vehicle destined to come into general favour will permit all these operations to be performed by the movement of a single lever, either up or down for various speeds forward or back-

ward, or from right to left in turning. Held half-way the lever will bring the vehicle to a stop. The brake will be applied by pressing a spring connected with the handle like the arrangement on bicycles, an extra brake being provided, perhaps, for an emergency to be operated by the foot. The

alarm signal will be attached to the handle, either as a bell or horn, the latter being the popular form on the Continent. That it is practicable to make a single lever perform all these operations is shown by the success of the Duryea waggon, which is thus arranged.

Of course the question of the ultimate speed and hauling power attainable depends upon the number of horse-power that it will be practical or desirable to



MORRIS AND SALVYN'S MACHINE



THE SERPOLLET STEAM CARRIAGE



THE SERPOLLET STEAM CAB

For not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident.

What is needed for ordinary use, especially in cities, is not so much great

put into these new vehicles. And here the question of weight must be seriously considered. Thus far, the motors for horseless carriages have been usually of three or four horse-power, although Comte de Dion in Paris has a four-seated steam carriage fitted with a twenty-five horse-

power motor. And the Daimler motor manufacturers have already built motors of twenty horse-power, and look forward to building others of fifty horse-power.

Although steam motors for horseless vehicles have given excellent results in some instances, notably when the Comte de Dion carriage came in first in the race from Paris to Rouen, inventors and manufacturers have in the main turned their attention to perfecting motors driven by gas or electricity. Hot air and compressed air have also been suggested as active forces, but little has been done to bring such motors beyond the experi-

hears from America that the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia expect to have their vehicles running regularly in the avenues and parks of New York, Boston, and Chicago within a year.

The great advantage of the gas motor for general use in horseless carriages is that it can be driven perfectly well by ordinary kerosene, which is not only cheap, but universally accessible. It is true that there is some vibration from the rapid explosions in the cylinder, and a certain amount of odour; but these defects are in a fair way to be removed,



A HORSELESS AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

mental stage. It may be said that the great preponderance of effort has been in the perfecting of electric and gas motors, particularly the latter. The advantages claimed for the electric motor, operated of course by storage batteries, are noiselessness, cleanliness, absence of odour, and ease of proportioning the effort of the machine to the need of the moment. Moreover, electric motors are exceedingly easy of control. The only disadvantages are the weight of the storage batteries and the uncertainty of being able to re-charge them on long runs away from cities. There is no question, however, that electric waggons and 'buses are admirably adapted to city use, and one

and are much less noticeable in the latest carriages.

Fine results are claimed for gas motors fed with acetylene, which gives a pressure of from seven hundred to one thousand pounds to the square inch, being first compressed in the cylinders, and then exploded. Perhaps the ideal motor of the future will be a small rotary, high-speed gas engine, such as George Westinghouse has been experimenting upon for years.

So many of the motor vehicles are driven by gas engines of one sort or another that it is worth while to indicate briefly how these engines work. They all carry a certain quantity of petroleum

naphtha, paraffin or gasolene, and explosive hydrocarbons, which are stored in a reservoir on the carriage. The liquid fuel is, by one means or another, introduced into the cylinders of the engine, where it is transformed into gaseous form, with a quick explosion, on coming into contact with an electric spark or a continuously burning flame. The explosions of the gas take place alternately at the opposite ends of the cylinders, and so keep the piston vibrating back and forward and the wheels turning. To prevent the cylinders from becoming over-heated they are surrounded by

Works, at Steinway, Long Island, is a heavy waggon, similar to a circus waggon, equipped with a gasolene motor of sufficient power to drive an electric generator that has been repeatedly used to furnish the illumination for the whole factory. Imagine such a waggon perfected so as to become a veritable electric powerhouse on wheels, with energy enough to drive its own propelling motor and the motors for lighting as well. Its outer surfaces might be sheathed with steel, so as to protect it from rifle shots; and it might even be equipped with a Gatling gun or two, so that it could attain high



"JUNDO": THE LARGEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE WORLD

jackets through which water is kept circulating. The motor vehicle seems not unlikely to play an important part some day as one of the appliances of war. General Miles has recommended that twelve companies of the United States Army—a force equal to one full regiment—be equipped with bicycles and motor waggons. There is little doubt that the work required of animals could be done better and more cheaply—at least in a large number of cases, by specially devised motor vehicles. Provision trains and cannon could be drawn by motors, and they would be of especial utility in the ambulance service.

Already built, in the Daimler Motor

speeds on level stretches without undue exertion. A French inventor has brought out a steam bicycle, capable of covering twenty miles in an hour, while a Western firm in These States are manufacturing bicycles driven by petroleum motors, one of which, at a recent test, made a mile in fifty-eight seconds. The former is built with a water-tank curved over the back wheel, and burns coke or gasolene in producing its steam. The latter carries an oil-tank holding fuel enough to drive it a hundred miles. Both machines are considerably heavier than the ordinary bicycle, the steam model weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

Finally, the invention may be applied to fire-engines. One of our illustrations shows the largest and most powerful locomotive steam fire-engine in the world, which is owned by the city of Hertford, Connecticut, and has been christened "Jumbo." Over ten feet high and seventeen in length, she weighs eight and a-half tons, and can throw 1,350 gallons of water in the minute. This engine at her first trial threw, through fifty feet of hose three and one-half inches in diameter, a horizontal stream of water a distance of 348 feet, and through two streams, each as large as that thrown by an ordinary fire-engine,

a distance of over 300 feet. The size of this leviathan is better appreciated when we think that a common horse-draught engine only weighs about 6,000 pounds, and has a capacity of only 500 or 600 gallons per minute.

The road-driving power of the engine is applied through two endless chains running over sprocket wheels, permitting these wheels to be driven at varying speeds when turning corners. The engine may be run either forward or backward, and can be stopped inside of fifty feet when running at full speed. The highest speed of which she is capable, it may be added, is thirty-one miles an hour.



A TANDEM MOTOR-CYCLE





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON.

## EXEUNT OMNES.

"IT'S too hot for shooting. Let's rest a bit!"

Charlie Blake, a young Dublin solicitor with private means, laid his gun on the heather and sat down on a smooth rock. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford sat down beside him and expressed assent. Shooting grouse on a Mayo mountain, they had climbed after a pack that led them higher than was pleasant in the strong sun, shining with almost midsummer heat. Across the bay beneath their feet Muilrea towered up from the great and gloomy gorge on its eastern face. Little green patches lined the lough shore, showing where men had lived and died before "the bad times"—Irish famine; but now only mountain sheep were grazing on them. Great gulls sailed by in stately flight. The red legs of the fast vanishing chough twinkled on the beach. A cloud covered the sun for a moment, and the weird glen across the water darkened till its intensely suggestive solitude became oppressive.

"Upon my word, I don't wonder at the melancholy of the Celt who begins life or ends it in a wilderness like this," Blake said, to break the silence. Hedford had been watching without comment the shadows that chased each other over the mountain gorge. He merely nodded, and Blake, with half-closed eyes, continued in a dreamy voice, as if thinking aloud:

"And I don't wonder at their legends and traditions either. Why, I can see quite clearly scores of little earth-men

peering at us from behind these boulders—curious little chaps, with bat-like wings and great pointed ears, and solemn eyes, and I can just hear the wail of the banshee across the lough. I understand also that the 'good people' have arranged for a dance to-night under that mushroom: it isn't a mushroom now, of course—they don't grow so high up—but it will be one to-night. And the leprechaun——"

"Tillygram, sir, for his honour." A ragged urchin, who wore his trousers buttoned outside his waistcoat, interrupted Blake's dream. "His honour," of course, was Colonel Hedford, who, by "special request," was sharing for a fortnight the shooting-box Charlie Blake had rented for the season. The specialist had carefully kept his temporary address a secret from all save a few close friends. The message was indirectly from one of these.

*"Miss Hamilton unwell. Come at once.—Lilian Marsh."*

The telegram had been "handed in" at a Dublin post-office early in the day, but it had taken some hours to reach its ultimate destination on a mountain overlooking Killery Bay. Hedford handed the telegram to Blake without a word. Charlie was one of Miss Hamilton's most ardent admirers, just as Hedford was her best friend. Blake had more money than clients, so he was able to follow Miss Hamilton about without much loss of business. It was fitting, therefore, that the ill news should be

shared between these two. Blake read the telegram in silence, and handed it back. His face went very white, and he kept his eyes turned away. It was some moments before either of the men spoke. Then Blake said:

"We can catch the night mail at Westport by hard driving. The ponies can do it."

"I am very sorry to put you to this trouble," the elder man said, looking the younger directly in the face.

"Don't mention it. I shall enjoy the drive," Blake answered as they started to scramble down the mountain side. His voice had an artificial ring of cheerfulness.

"You can trust the ponies to get us into Westport in time?"

"I can trust myself to get them there in time," Blake answered shortly.

"But it is far to drag you from your sport," Hedford went on rather breathlessly, for Charles Blake was getting down the mountain at a great pace. "Twenty miles, is it not?"

"It's nearly two hundred."

"What, Westport?"

"No, Dublin—I have business there—I shall be glad of—of the opportunity of doing the journey in your company. Intended to tell you this morning—must have forgotten!"

"I shall be glad also," Hedford said, and dropped the subject.

Their preparations at the shooting lodge were speedily effected, and Blake's tandem was ready by the time the bags were packed. On the road little conversation passed between the travellers, to the disappointment of Blake's servant, a man named Patrick, who remained for a long time on his knees on the back seat of the trap, in order, as he explained, to join more conveniently in the "discourse." Blake devoted himself to his tandem, taking the most out of the pair that horseflesh could stand and stay the distance. There was not a moment to spare, and if in the first ten miles a record was not made the last five would be a race. These ponies were famous all over Connemara and they had had to justify their reputation on this journey. The long, lonely road seemed interminable in spite of the pace of the "fliers." Its loneliness became intolerable. Scarce a bird chirped in all that wilderness. As they were rounding the mountain called "The Devil's Mother," the twilight began

to deepen into night. The black ponies were now white-streaked with foam where the harness chafed their steaming coats, and the clatter of their hurrying hoofs on the dusty road was the only sound that broke the deep silence, while the heathy mountain tops turned purple in the after-glow of the sunken sun.

The reticence of the two men journeying together through this Connemara wilderness, each with the same feeling and fear in his heart, was altogether unyielding. Each was too proud to ask the other's sympathy. Hedford felt himself an old fogey beside the athletic, big-bodied, full-blooded youth by his side. The boy felt himself a mere nobody beside the famous specialist. And she on whom all their thoughts were turned—whom did she favour? They smoked cigar after cigar on the chain principle ascribed to Bismarck, and the ends of these burned more brightly as the daylight waned. A solitary heron standing knee-deep in a placid stream marked their coming, and, deserting his fishing ground, soared up in lazy flight. They barely noticed him. A piebald mountain hare crossed the road in front of them at speed and scudded away into the heath-covered bog: they saw it well, but did not observe it. A peewit prevailed: they shivered at the dreary cry, though they hardly heard it.

At last Croagh Patrick could be seen in the fast-falling darkness. The ponies were pumped out, but there was still almost time to catch the mail, and the game little animals raced on with pace unchecked, though now in sore distress. They were also encumbered by belated market-people who see-sawed their vehicles across the road stupidly and who were surprised at the heartiness wherewith Blake cursed them. Hedford's mood was certainly not closely observant, and the light was not good, but he could not but observe the incongruous appearance of many of the young women riding pillion-fashion behind their male relatives and wearing high-heeled shoes and kid gloves. A black-haired, red-checked, bare-footed colleen riding so and swinging her brown ankles cheerfully is all very well in her way, but the other combination——

"We have caught the train," Blake exclaimed when still a mile from Westport. "I will ease them now."

"They deserve it," Hedford said with

a jerk like that of a man suddenly aroused from sleep.

The long night ride in the train was passed without sleep. Hedford and Blake secured a compartment to themselves, and so were able to lie down. Blake closed his eyes and pretended to

pity him. Curiously enough, the white-haired specialist himself felt something of the same emotion. But his business in life had been to act rather than to feel. He stepped out of the carriage briskly. Blake followed with humility. They drove rapidly to the Shelbourne, and,



"WAITED ALONE AND IN MISERY FOR THE VERDICT"

sleep, but Hedford remained wide awake. He never ceased puffing at his cigars. It was a miserable journey. It was over at last, or nearly over. The train slowed down and then stopped. Blake seemed afraid to leave the carriage. The first porter would surely blurt out the worst news in his face. The cabmen would

leaving their luggage there, went on to Miss Hamilton's address.

The landlady was in despair. Her lodger was very ill. Two doctors had visited the patient and held a consultation without definite result as to any certain diagnosis. The usual symptoms of nervous exhaustion from overwork

were present, but there were other symptoms not so easily classified. Insanity had been gravely considered and discarded, like many other theories. Meanwhile, both the doctors and their patient, when she was conscious, waited anxiously for the arrival of the specialist, the doctors principally because of the morbid importance their patient appeared to place on it. Anything that served to soothe her hysterical condition would be welcome, even if presented in the person of a man whose many breaches of professional etiquette had been such that they were bound to treat him with suspicion if not with contempt.

Miss Lilian Marsh, who had telegraphed to Hedford, was in charge of the sick room. She was Ethel Hamilton's understudy, and was nearly worn out by her dual duties of taking Miss Hamilton's place at the theatre by night and a place at her bedside by day. The patient earnestly objected, but Miss Marsh was firm. She would not allow any other amateur to assist the nurse whom the doctors had sent. The nurse at the moment was out for a breath of air, and Miss Marsh was consequently on duty. Colonel Hedford was shown at once into the sick room. Charlie Blake sat down in the parlour on the ground floor, stared out of the window, and waited alone and in misery for the verdict. He had a bad time while waiting in that parlour, but he must be left there for the present.

Miss Marsh arose hastily when Hedford was announced, and came forward to say that Ethel was asleep. She was dreadfully nervous. She appeared to be nearly as hysterical as the patient had been reported to be. Hedford endeavoured to reassure the trembling girl, but without much result. She could not steady her voice. Her hands twitched. She burst into tears. Hedford thought her anxiety for her friend overdone, but he gave no sign of his suspicion. He waited quietly for her self-confidence to return, preserving that air of unaffected respect he always maintained in the presence of ladies—of all women, to be exact. Miss Marsh at last mastered her emotion by a strong effort, and then in a low voice detailed the patient's symptoms, not in any connected narrative, but in answer to leading questions put by the specialist. When the story was told, the girl turned abruptly to

Hedford and seemed about to make some sort of confession. But she broke down ere she had begun it. Her eyes were wild. They avoided the steady glance of this most gentle man. She could not do it—whatever it was she had meant to attempt.

"Here is the nurse," Miss Marsh exclaimed with a note of despair in her voice. "I must go now to prepare for the theatre. There is a *matinée* performance to-day. Will you, you seem very kind—will you do a great service to a woman in distress?"

"I think I may say that my sympathy for any one"—he did not say "any woman"—"in distress is not far to seek," Hedford replied somewhat coldly. "Indeed, that circumstance keeps me rather busy—in other people's affairs."

"Then don't believe what she," glancing at the bed, "says when she is hysterical. We are rivals, you know, artistic rivals. I am afraid we were rather jealous of each other. Such estrangements arise sometimes in the profession, as you may be aware." The girl said this harshly. "And she talks a lot of nonsense when she is off her head. You understand?"

"O yes! I quite understand," Hedford said reassuringly. And then, as it were thoughtlessly, he added: "You may feel certain I shall not believe anything against you—without good grounds."

Miss Marsh left the room without a word. She closed the door softly, so as to leave the sleeper undisturbed. Hedford followed her to the corridor. She turned, and asked passionately:

"What do you want? Why do you follow me?"

"Merely to see you out. There is no one else about. It is a trivial courtesy."

"Then dispense with it. I can see myself out. And allow me to withdraw a stupid appeal I made to you. Believe what you like of me, and keep your sympathy till I ask for it again."

Despite this fierce speech Hedford preceded her down the steep stairs, and, opening the street door, bowed her out politely.

"I am sorry," he said, as the girl was passing out, "if I have wounded you inadvertently, and my offer of sympathy or help remains—to be had for the asking."

"It will never be asked by me," Miss Marsh said in a hard voice as she turned away.



"WHY DO YOU FOLLOW ME?"



"Then it may chance to be given without the asking," Colonel Hedford said calmly, almost carelessly.

When Ethel Hamilton awoke from her fevered sleep and found her steadfast friend by her bedside, a cry of relief broke from her dry lips.

"Is there anyone in the room? I mean anyone but you?"

"Only the nurse."

"Send her away. Send her out of the room."

Hedford spoke to the nurse and she left the room. When she was gone, the apparently dying girl raised her head from the pillow and said hoarsely:

"I am dying, and Lilian Marsh has poisoned me!"

"I thought so," Hedford agreed, in the soothing voice one would use with a wilful or ailing child.

"But I know it," the girl moaned, as she sank back exhausted by even this slight effort.

"So do I, but I have given you in this,"—he held up a graduated medicine glass—"an antidote which will make you well. I"—he was exaggerating, but he could not help himself—"I know what she gave you, and I know what will cure you."

"I knew that you would understand. You remember my father's case. It has preyed on my mind."

"It has," said Hedford, "it has preyed too much on it. And now we are going to lay that spectre which has caused you to dream foolish dreams—why do you suspect Miss Marsh?"

The last clause was spoken sharply, so that the attention of the invalid might be concentrated and the feeble brain power left to her be focussed on it. Her answer was rather startling.

"Because I saw her put the six sulphonal powders the doctors prescribed to last a week—I have been nearly mad with insomnia—into a glass and fill it out with water. Then she made me drink the whole of it."

"Made you drink?"

"Yes, made me. She can make me do anything now. I am so weak."

"You told the doctors this?"

"No, only you. The others say I am mad. If I told them this they would swear it." The girl fell back again exhausted. Hedford called in the nurse and gave her some suitable instructions, and took upon himself to prescribe a

harmless restorative. Then he released Charlie Blake from his long and wretched wait in the parlour below. When they were out in the street Blake asked nervously:

"Is she very ill?"

"Bad enough. But complete rest will bring her round."

"Thank God!"

"And now," said Hedford, "I must leave you. You had better go straight to the Shelbourne, and wait till I get there. I have an interview, without previous arrangement, to bring off, and it may take me some time."

"Has it anything to do with her?"

"Well, indirectly—yes! Good-bye for the present."

Miss Lilian Marsh refused point-blank to receive Surgeon-Colonel Hedford when his card was handed to her. As that person himself, however, was already in the room, there was no alternative but to endure the visit. The visitor introduced his business without delay, explaining in a word that he had just dropped in on his way to the nearest magistrate to swear an information charging one, Lilian Marsh, with attempting to murder Ethel Hamilton. He added that he would be glad to hear if Miss Marsh had any remarks to make before he proceeded further in the matter. The girl nearly fainted, but she controlled her emotion by a desperate effort. A minute or two elapsed ere she could speak.

Hedford used the interval to say quietly: "Please remember that if Miss Hamilton's statement had been made to the doctors attending her instead of to me, the first you would have heard of it would have been from the constable who arrested you."

"Then I will tell you all—all I tried to say to you to-day, and should have said. I think you will believe me. You will believe me, for I shall tell you the truth, the whole truth; and is it likely that a girl like me could impose a lie upon a man like you?"

"Candidly, it is rather unlikely," Hedford admitted blandly.

"I nursed her loyally," Miss Marsh continued, "just because our little professional jealousies had made us sometimes rather unfair to each other, and I wanted to atone for any faults on my side. I know she would have done the same for me. On Tuesday night, how-

ever, I was worn out, and I fell asleep and had a dreadful dream. I dreamed that I was giving her the sleeping draught, and that something I could not resist compelled me to empty the whole

treme lethargy following hysteria. If I had any doubt as to the origin of the 'complications' in Miss Hamilton's case it has been removed. The first time she was able to speak she accused me of poisoning her, and described accurately though incoherently every incident in



"SHE STOPPED SHORT ON SEEING BLAKE"

week's supply into the tumbler, and she drank it; and a voice said to me: 'You shall play Ophelia now;' and there was a lot more of the hideous nightmare, and when I awoke Ethel Hamilton seemed to be dead, and—God help me!—all the six powder papers were empty. The doctors were surprised at such ex-

my dream. I telegraphed to you because she threatened that unless I did so she would tell the doctors. Now, Colonel Hedford, that is the whole truth, you won't—you won't inform on me?"

"O, no—not at all; because I believe your story. Miss Hamilton, indeed, has already told me the salient features of it.

Before she did so, however, I suspected that she was suffering from sulphonal poisoning, but, of course, it was a revelation to learn how it had been administered. How did you account for the missing powders?"

"I was desperate, and afraid of being tried for my life. I had another batch made up by the same chemist."

"By the way, do you know what strength they were, these powders?"

"Yes, fifteen grains each."

"Good heaven! Ninety grains of sulphonal for a weak girl. It is no wonder she is thoroughly stupified."

When Hedford was taking his leave he assured Miss Marsh she need not now fear for the fate of the victim whose life she had nearly taken. And he was thanked with so much gratitude that he felt genuinely sorry for this utterly friendless girl who had found herself in a position of serious peril without a single adviser. She asked him if he had really suspected her, admitting that her manner must have seemed suspicious.

"Yes," said Hedford, "that's just the reason I never really suspected you for a moment of any evil purpose. Your manner was so undisguisedly suspicious. Poor child, you would make a sorry rogue, however good an actress you may be on the stage. The rascal in real life wants more than histrionic ability—he wants rascality."

Thus Miss Marsh was not arrested for attempted murder, and Miss Hamilton recovered speedily under the confidence Colonel Hedford's presence inspired. Ophelia was played by Lilian Marsh till the end of the tour with advantage to herself and the management. Hedford returned to Salchester as soon as his patient was convalescent, and Blake soon after ran over on a short visit. The shooting in Mayo was not altogether finished, but Salchester was within easy distance of London, where Miss Hamilton was now playing a light part. So Blake was content to forego the remainder of the season's sport whereto his prepaid rent entitled him.

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One evening in Hedford's study, when the host and his guest were smoking cigars and sampling a special brand of Irish whisky Blake had brought over, the guest said lazily:

"About this craze of yours, Hedford,

this quasi-detective business: do you find it pays?"

"It pays well enough — sometimes. But I have not followed it altogether for payment."

"For amusement?"

"Not altogether."

"For what, then?"

"A little of both, and a great deal of something else."

"And the something else is?"

"That, I fear, you would not quite understand. But I'll go on as if I thought you would. It is the cause which obliges the average man to do his duty without knowing why he does it; the satisfaction of the altruistic instinct which is just as natural, and vastly more beneficent, than the egoistic instinct."

"Put in smaller change, please. I am not well posted in the phraseology of these new, high-falutin' fads," Blake said lazily, flicking the ash of his cigar.

"All new ideas are considered high-falutin' fads by human fossils—pardon me." Hedford was nettled.

"Rough on me, but no matter. Go on." Blake stretched out his legs and spread his hands before the cheerful blaze of the study fire. "Seems to me," he continued, "a man must look out for himself even in the highest form of civilisation. There is a line to be drawn somewhere, surely."

"There is a line to be drawn, and it should be drawn through that point which leaves fools on one side and knaves on the other. The trouble is that even yet the knaves have it all their own way, and men of less egoistic instincts must rank with the fools or be unclassified—that is, average men. Of course, philanthropy on a grand scale may gain a man some credit, and philosophy does not land him immediately in gaol or on the scaffold, as it did five centuries ago; but it is still a troublesome thing to go about the world with. By and bye it will be less of a nuisance to its professor and more of a credential——"

"Come in!"

Chundra Dass opened the door, salaamed, and said:

"Lady, sahib—must see you—most important."

Ethel Hamilton entered the room. She stopped short on seeing Blake, and stammered something unintelligible. The men arose, and Colonel Hedford offered

his visitor a chair. She did not appear to notice it, but remained standing.

"I was passing through on my way to town after a short holiday. I found that I could get a late train on this night in the week. I wanted to see you about—about my health. Miss Plymouth thought it would be wise. We are stopping at the Royal. So I just called. I had no idea of seeing you, Mr. Blake."

Blake muttered a few commonplaces, and then, pulling out his watch, remarked that he had just time to go to the post-office to see if any letters or telegrams had arrived for him. After he left the room they talked on trivial subjects for some time. Ethel Hamilton was then silent for a minute. It was with a strong effort that she said steadily:

"I have heard by chance that you are going back to India?"

"Not exactly to India."

"Oh, well, to the East. And I could not let you go without wishing you good-bye, and—does *he* know?"

"No, I don't think I have mentioned it to him."

There was a long pause. The girl spoke again, this time very steadily and without effort.

"You saved my life. That is only the least of the many services you have done me. You are going away for ever. I do not wish you to go."

"Thank you. I am sure you do not wish it. But I must go."

"Even if I—if I—wish you to remain?"

"Yes," said Hedford, decisively. "For that reason if for none else. Dear girl, why should we—you and I—talk like strangers. I would not accept the sacrifice. I have devoted my life to a branch of science. I will not offer you—I will not permit you to accept out of gratitude and generosity—the poor remnant of that life which is left." He bent down and kissed her forehead gently, and said "Good-bye!"



"AND I AM READY"

# *"My First Appearance."*

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

V.—MISS ADA REHAN.

**I**T is not pleasant to be compelled to shatter illusions, particularly when they happen to be the reverse of harmful to the illusionised. But I am forced, at the outset, to slay the popular fallacy that Miss Ada Rehan is

Augustin Daly's famous leading lady is Transatlantic by adoption, and not by birth.

She herself is emphatic upon the point—and you will admit that she ought to know? Neither does she endeavour to



AS LADY TEAZLE

an American by birth. The United States have given to us several very charming actresses, notably that typical "blue-grass country girl," Miss Elizabeth Robins; but Truth—surely the lodestar of the lonely Interviewer's existence!—compels me to state that Mr.

conceal the interesting fact that she was born into this grey old world as long ago as April 22, 1860. "I was born at Limerick," she told me, "and none of my progenitors were ever on the stage." Miss Rehan's parents sailed away from Limerick to New York on or about that



Ophelia, Oriana, Queen Elizabeth, Telka Essoff, Una Urquhart, Virginia, and Xantippi. What a record! Dramatic England may well feel jealous of America's acquisition. But it is doubtful whether any one of her countless impersonations has filled Ada Rehan with more genuine pleasure than that of Maid Marian in Tennyson's last drama, the romantic play entitled *The Foresters*, which achieved a brilliant success as produced by Mr. Daly, in New York, and afterwards in London. In the words of one of Tennyson's biographers: "Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and the life under the greenwood tree must have conveyed

something of the charm of English country-life in the olden time to American audiences, whose ancestors' life indeed it was."

I cannot conclude this brief appreciation without referring to an incident which happened while I was seated one evening at the hospitable table of Mr. John Burns, at Lavender Hill. "The

Battersea Sybarite" is quite a theatrical authority—did he not stolidly sit in the gallery at the Avenue, after Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had failed to send

him seats for his assistance in the "labour aspects" of *The Crusaders*?—but on this occasion it was Mrs. Burns who "had the floor." She had been to see one of Miss Rehan's "farewells," at the Leicester Square Theatre, and she could not forget it. "Dear Ada!" she exclaimed, "I could not control myself and the tears fairly gushed from my eyes."

If her vibrating and characteristic voice constitute her principal charm for the playgoer, it is by no means this gifted lady's solitary claim to rank among

the greatest exponents of her art. If not actually a beautiful woman, she possesses in full measure the rare and indefinable gift of "magnetism," linked to a stage presence of singular stateliness. It is in the interpretation of Shakespearian characters that her most striking successes have ever been achieved.



AS COUNTESS GUCKI



# Trafalgar.

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**B**Y permission of Mr. Wynfold B. Grimaldi, a descendant of the painter, we are enabled to publish this remarkable picture of the squadrons of England and the allied fleets of France and Spain immediately before the battle of Trafalgar. After Lord Nelson's memorable cruise of a year and a-half before Toulon, and during a brief absence of the British fleet, in March, 1805, Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, seizing his opportunity, put out to sea and got clear away to Gibraltar, to Cadiz, and to Martinique, where he hoped to join the fleet from Brest. Nelson was behind him, however, and Villeneuve, deceived as to the strength of the enemy, hastily returned from the West Indies to Europe. Nelson followed, and outsailing the foe arrived off Cadiz some days before the Frenchman. He then went north, reinforced the British fleet off Brest, and himself returned to England. But his leisure lasted a few weeks only, and on hearing that Villeneuve had reached Cadiz, he resumed command. A great battle was now imminent and the English leader aspired to more than victory. He designed no less than the annihilation of the opposing fleets. Villeneuve at length reluctantly took the sea, being urged thereto by repeated orders; and learning that some of the British fleet had departed for Gibraltar, he chose this opportunity to leave Cadiz. The memorable dawn of the 21st October, 1805, found Lord Nelson in command of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, four frigates, one schooner and one cutter; while against him Spain and France under Villeneuve were arrayed with three and thirty sail-of-the-line, five frigates and two brigs. The opposing forces sighted each other off Cape Trafalgar as morning broke, and Nelson, who had several days before explained his scheme of attack to his captains and other officers, at once made the signal to bear up towards the enemy.

But light and baffling winds delayed immediate approach, and it was noon before the lee division of the British Fleet, commanded by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, had broken through the rear of the Franco-Spanish line of battle. Villeneuve formed his fleet in a

double line in close order, as the old painting shows, while Nelson attacked in two columns; and while Collingwood led the first division, he designed to overawe the opposing van with the second. Finding, however, that the enemy's foremost vessels had no immediate intention of turning to support their rear, he bore up and threw himself immediately upon the allied squadron's centre. The hero's own vessel, the *Victory*, quickly broke the enemy's line, passed astern of the rival leader's flag-ship, and fell foul of the *Redoubtable*, a big three-decker of seventy-four guns. Here, standing on the *Victory's* quarter-deck in conversation with her commander, Captain Hardy, Nelson was exposed to the heavy musketry fire from the enemy's tops, and anon met death. He fell mortally wounded by a ball which struck him on the left epaulette, and travelling obliquely downwards into his body, passed through the spine. For three hours Nelson lingered in the cock-pit of the *Victory*, while the roar of the battle thundered in his dying ears and life slowly ebbed from his body. But though a successful termination to the tremendous and unequal battle was by no means assured when the English leader fell, yet ere he breathed his last the issue had been put beyond doubt, and the splendid result of his genius came to his ear while still he could receive it and rejoice. A decisive and complete victory rewarded the English arms. No less than twenty of the enemy's sail-of-the-line had struck their colours before Nelson expired, and of the total armament but a few crippled vessels succeeded in making good their escape. The British total of killed was returned at fifteen thousand and eighty-seven officers and men, by far the largest separate loss being incurred by Nelson's flag-ship.

The illustration of this remarkable naval encounter was the work of Mr. William Grimaldi, R.A., Painter Extraordinary to George IV.; and if as a work of art it possesses no considerable claim to our attention, as an interesting and veracious representation of the positions of the squadrons engaged at Trafalgar on the commencement of that historic conflict it may challenge careful attention and command all praise.



THE LINE OF BATTLE AT TRAFALGAR



"WELL, OLD MAN, HOW GOES IT?"



"HALF-A-DOZEN COMETS AFTER HER"

able to get anything to live on Jupiter but frogs, and a few of the lower reptiles."

"How's the Earth?"

"Don't ask me—the black sheep of

the System! The ingratitude of that planet! They've got a little dead cinder that circles round them, according to the laws of gravitation; and—would you believe it?—they think twice as much of



that cinder as they do of me! A fact. They call it the Moon and write poetry to it. The Earth people have, in fact, reached a trying stage. They are growing out of childhood, but still lie far removed from the solidity and reasoning powers proper to an adult. They are funny, too. Here's a bit of New Humour to take away with you. What d' you think they believed till the last few years?"

"Sure I don't know," said the Comet.

"That I went round them! They thought that they were the centre of the Universe, and that Creation circled round and round them, just in the same way that their little pet cinder, they call the Moon, goes round and round them!"

"Blessed if that isn't the funniest thing I've heard for ten million years!" said the Comet. "I'll make my little corner in Space fairly scream with that!" He was genuinely amused, and shook to such an extent that he gave rise to considerable disturbances on a large scale.

"Look out, old man! your upsetting my System!" said the Sun.

"Smother your system!" yelled the Comet. "That little pill of mud and water to think itself the centre of all things! Why don't you smash it or frizzle it up?"

"We must be patient. It knows somewhat better now. If it would only be commonly grateful and realise a little of what it owed me, I would overlook the bumptiousness. That's natural to all small things."

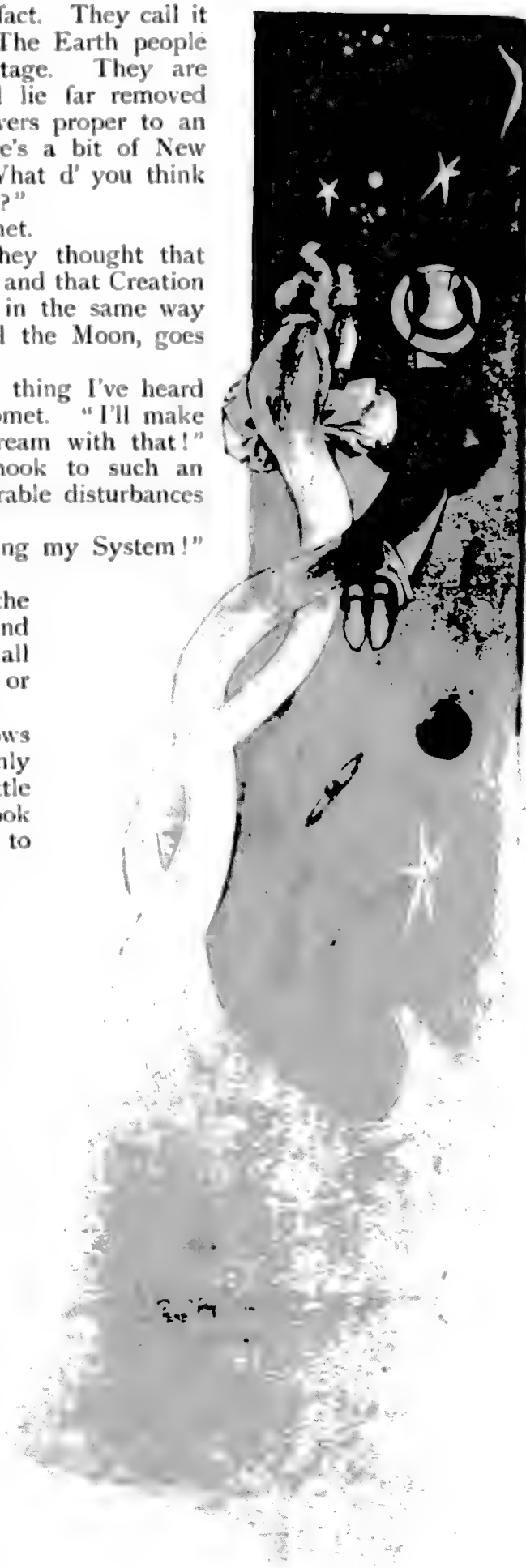
"I believe you. For sheer side, not to say impertinence, commend me to shooting-stars. Space is full of them and they go slogging about in clusters, as if God Almighty had designed the Universe for nothing but their especial amusement and convenience. Little cads! They always think it a huge joke to go right through me like a bullet through a piece of paper."

"But they can't hurt you."

"No, not physically; it's the moral disgrace of the thing. One feels so powerless against the little brutes; and satire's thrown away on 'em."

"They get precious small change out of me or my System either," answered the Sun. "I burn them up in billions and trillions myself: I light my cigars with 'em. And the Planets—they've all got their own atmospheres; and when a shooting star gets into an atmosphere, it's done for. You ought to cultivate an atmosphere."

"No time," said the Comet. "In



"ARM-IN ARM"

fact, I must be off as it is. "Can't stop! Can't stop! Can't stop!"

"Any news in Space?"

"Only that the Milky Way has gone sour. It's to be called the Milky Whey in future!"

The Sun laughed, but not heartily. He had heard the Comet make this same joke on many previous occasions. Every thirty-five million of years, he was expected to smile at this paltry jest, and his good nature was breaking down under the strain.

"Eclipse me, if I'm not fairly sick of that!" said the Sun. "It wasn't too funny the first time he said it; now it's grown simply wearisome and sickening. Next time he comes round, I must really make an effort to shame him out of it. There should be lots of other good jokes knocking about in a place the size of Space."

Then the tail of the traveller vanished round the corner of one of the signs of the Zodiac, and the Sun resumed his regular occupation, and beamed upon his System as usual.

"He has got a warm heart and no pride, for he doesn't mind what he shines on," thought the Comet, as he followed his lonely and terrific way at the usual rate of progression. "Family cares are all very well; but they do tie a heavenly body down, and frightfully increase his responsibilities. I should never think it quite good enough myself. No System for me! To remember what a light-hearted chap that Sun was in the sweet old days, before he knew he had a System! Now he's as crusty as the Great Bear, and his outbursts of temper are horrible to witness. No, my idea is the best: see Space, and gather your rose-buds while you may."

So saying, he took off his hat to a Lady Comet, and the two proceeded arm-in-arm for a few hundred thousand miles. He told her about the Earth and the Sun; and, though a Comet without much sense of humour, she laughed without intermission for thirteen centuries afterwards.



DISPLAYING HIS GOOD POINTS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MCLELLAN, CANONBURY, N.

## Of Famous Dwarfs.



HERE is no shorter road to fame than that of being a dwarf, and it would appear also (if you take your information from the only available source—the placards invented and set forth by dead and gone showmen) that to be a dwarf is necessarily to possess accomplishments, such as make fame no less than your honest due. Of the giant nothing is demanded save that he shall be big in stature. He need not even have strength in proportion to his bodily development; and his brain may be merely contemptible. He is a giant, and that suffices. Of the dwarf, however, it is expected that he shall be an accomplished little gentleman; and very few of the miniature men and women who have been successful as shows have failed to recognise and perform the duty imposed on them.

Sometimes, of course, your dwarf is merely an unhappily deformed person, as was the case with him of Montserrat, of whom it was written: "The Manikin, though 32 years of age, did not exceed two feet in height, of which one-third was occupied by his misshapen head; his arms reached nearly to the ground, and his hands were of an unusually large size. . . . Anger and cupidity were the only feelings which seemed to animate him. The countenance was of the most repelling ugliness, dark in complexion, with covert angry eyebrows, flat, thick nose, with lips of an unearthly grey, the under one over-hanging his chin. His sisters were remarkably fine, handsome women." Jeffrey Hudson, again, who was a sort of Court jester in the days of the Second Charles, would appear to have belonged to the same class. His famous duel, in which he killed his man, and the story of how he was concealed under the crust of a capacious pie and served before the King, have made him one of the best known of all the dwarfs.

But these, to judge by the showmen's descriptions of the others, are the exceptions. It may be, indeed, that in the case of dwarfs the people called upon to write of them felt themselves bound to display a great deal of charity. The famous Friesland dwarf, "Admiral Tom Thumb," as he was called, was born in 1839, and finished growing at the mature age of four. At ten he visited England, and had the honour of a Royal Command, appearing at Buckingham Palace before the Queen and the Prince Consort. His height was twenty-six inches, and, by a singular coincidence, he weighed just one pound avoirdupois for each inch of his height. He returned to England in 1875, when he appeared at the Horn's Assembly Rooms, Kennington. It was then said of him that he was peculiarly intelligent, and spoke five languages fluently, these being—French, English, Dutch, German, and Italian. It is curious to note that, according to those who exhibited him, his height, so far from increasing with the lapse of years, actually grew less by two inches in the interval between his two visits to this country. Altogether a wonderful person, but you must judge from his picture, here reproduced, if it was not a very charitable writer who described his appearance as being "shrewd yet pleasing." He has a distinct look of President Kruger.

Born in the same year, in Benares, Mahomet Baux, "the miniature man of India," was at Cawnpore in the days of the Mutiny, and "witnessed the Horrible Massacre of our Fathers, Mothers, and Children, by that Monster in human shape, the notorious Nana Sahib." The poor little gentleman's career in this country cannot have been a happy one, for we find him on show behind the bar at the Sir John Falstaff, in what was then Brydges Street, Strand. The English climate does not seem to have suited him, and in 1865 he died of consumption, at Lambeth. He was thirty-seven inches in height.

One lady there is whose picture seems to justify her name, "The Corsican Fairy."



JEFFREY HUDSON



THE FRIESLAND DWARF

She appeared in England about 1773, and a newspaper cutting of the date shows how she was described to the good people of Marlborough when she visited the town. "This most astonishing Part of the human Species was born in the Island of Corsica, in the Year 1743. She is only Thirty-four Inches high, weighs but Twenty-six Pounds, and a Child of two Years of Age has larger Hands and Feet. . . . She is possessed of a great deal of Vivacity and Spirits, can speak Italian and French, and gives the inquisitive Mind an agreeable Entertainment. . . . At the request of Ladies, etc., she moves a Minuet, etc., with the greatest Elegance." The last item of information about her is that in the spring of 1776 she was being exhibited at Netherbow, "price reduced."

Another famous dwarf of the last century was the Polish Count Boruwlaski, who at his birth was only eight inches long, and at one year was but eleven inches. He went on growing rather longer than is usual, and at 30 measured three and thirty inches. He had a brother only three inches taller than himself, who played the part

of steward to a Polish noblewoman. His sister unhappily died at about 20 years of age, being at that time just six and twenty inches in stature. There were other brothers and sisters of the ordinary height. Boruwlaski had quite a romantic career. His parents being ruined he was taken under the protection of some people of high estate, but, at the age of 20, lost their favour by marrying a lady with whom he had fallen madly in love, and who was destined to bear him two children.

He was supported for some years after this by the presents of his illustrious friends and patrons, together with an annuity given him by the King of Poland. But these resources proved rather precarious, and in 1782, at the suggestion of the British Ambassador at Vienna, he came to England, bearing letters of introduction to divers persons of high standing at the British Court. He did well for six years—so well, indeed, that an ex-



"THE CORSICAN FAIRY"



aggerated report of his prosperity caused the King of Poland to cut off his pension—but the edge of the public's curiosity was blunted at the end of that period, and in 1788 he issued his memoirs, and made a very piteous appeal to the general charity.

We come to the dwarfs of more modern days, among whom the best known was Charles Stratton, known to the public as General Tom Thumb. He was born in America in 1838, and made his first appearance on this side of the

he is said to have been thirty-one inches in height; and it was then that he married Miss Lavinia Warren, a lady some five years his junior. The following is a description penned by one of her admirers: "This little lady measures but thirty-two inches in height, and weighs twenty-nine pounds. The reader may choose from his lady acquaintances a sparkling woman, with dark hair and black eyes, symmetrical figure, and soft voice, and in his imagination reduce her to these dimensions, having her mental and moral faculties fully expanded, and he will have an idea of this charming little woman; or he may reverse the picture, and select a child of perfect mould, with a finely arched brow, dimpled cheeks, large lustrous eyes, a nicely chiselled mouth, a rich harvest of hair, and suddenly endow her with all the attributes of womanhood—a heart to love, a head to conceive, and a hand to execute—giving her wit, imagination, humour, and judgment. He may fancy such a child using elegant language—appreciating music, poetry, eloquence, painting and statuary—travelling unattended (as she has done from Boston to Buffalo), going through the streets shopping, waltzing in the ball-room, singing sentimental and patriotic songs, writing letters to friends, and keeping a journal." Truly an accomplished woman, and one with whom the admirable General must have been proud to mate!



THE CELEBRATED POLISH DWARF

Channel in his tenth year, when he was patronised by the Queen and Royal Family. No man of real public importance filled in his particular day a place of greater prominence. His portrait, taken side by side with a tall Lifeguard, in the character of Napoleon, as a Grecian statue, and so on and so on, appeared everywhere, and he achieved the crowning honour of inspiring more than one *Punch* caricaturist. The figures as to his height and weight at divers points in his career are a little conflicting, but it would appear that he was by no means the smallest of the little people whose histories are here chronicled. In 1863

was her sister, Minnie Warren, while another of the guests at the wedding, of the General was Commodore Nutt, who, at the age of 20, was but twenty-nine inches in height; the salary at which he was engaged by Barnum was said to have been 10,000 dollars per annum, for a three years' engagement. He, too, if those who knew him can be trusted, was a gifted person. "He converses," it was said, "with grace, and dignity, and intelligence, on the manufactures and condition of his native state; before he allowed himself to be exhibited he did his work on the farm—his father being a highly respectable farmer—and,

having quite a passion for horses, he especially delighted in driving the team."

These four wonderful persons were all present at the wedding of General Tom Thumb, and so, if you choose to believe the records, were "many of the celebrities of the country, including the President, the Members of the Cabinet, and the

being invited to Marlborough House; and in France, General Tom Thumb had the honour of dining with the Emperor. His wife presented him, in 1863, with a healthy daughter, whose weight at birth was no more than three pounds.

The British public is nowadays not infrequently accused of being frivolous, but its desire to be amused would not

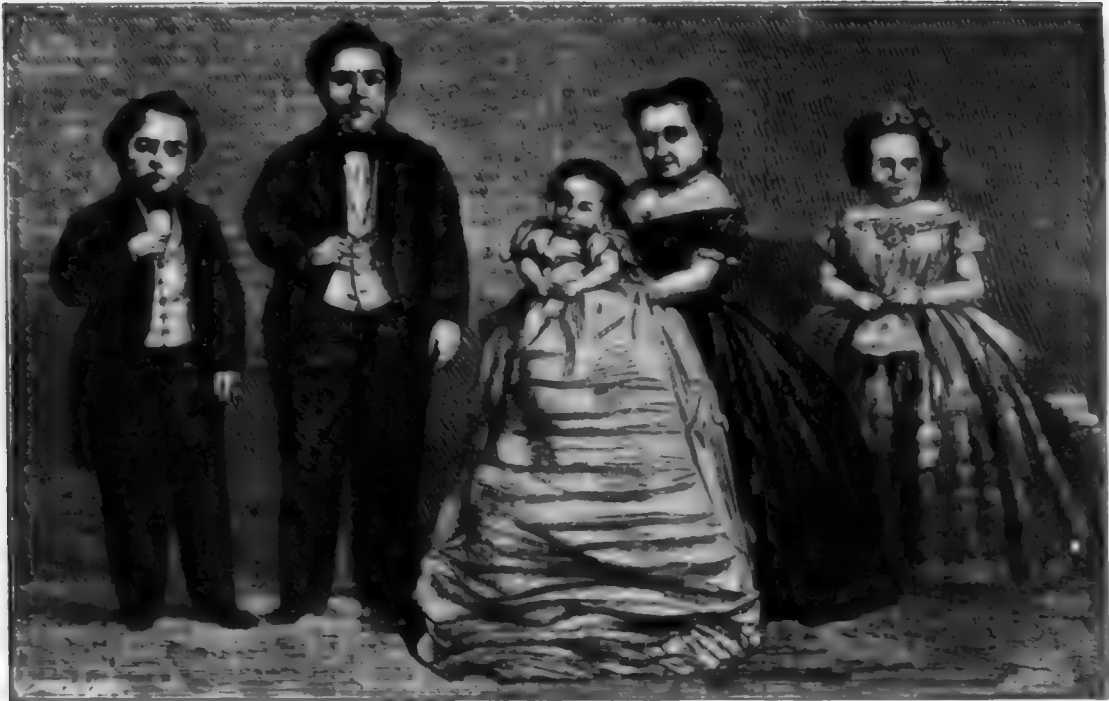


GENERAL TOM THUMB AND THE QUEEN

Foreign Ministers." When the ceremony was over they drove to the Metropolitan Hotel, and three, betwixt one o'clock and three, received some five thousand friends.

They visited the White House, on the invitation of the President, where they were introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, the Secretaries of State, senators, and generals. In England also they were well received,

lead it to take its dwarfs so seriously as did the good people of the sixties. They were as interested in all that appertained to Tom Thumb as if he had been a real general, and a very big one at that. The illustrated papers of the time all give pictures of a miniature carriage that was made for him in August, 1844, and you learn that the arms of the general—who was not at that time ten years of age—



COMMODORE NUTT, GENERAL TOM THUMB, MRS. STRAITON, AND MISS MINNIE WARREN

consisted of Britannia and the Goddess of Liberty, supported by the British Lion and the American Eagle; Crest: the Rising Sun, and the British and American Flags; Motto: Go Ahead! *Punch* was most angry that "the son of a Yankee carpenter" should dare to assume such armorial splendour, and especially that Barnum, with the ready instinct of the born showman, promptly added certain gifts made by our Queen to Tom Thumb to the other attractions of his show.

Space grows limited, but the two dwarfs who have to be mentioned last are excellent examples of their kind. You might fancy that Nature, perceiving that the public interest in her "freaks" was rapidly waning, resolved to make a last desperate effort to revive it. At any rate, Uffner's American dwarfs, who were on show in Piccadilly in 1881, quite beat the record—a fact which is presumably remembered with pride in the home of Tom Thumb. Of course they were intelligent, charming, and the rest. The

lady, Lucia Zarate, weighed four and three-quarter pounds at the age of 19, and her companion, General Mite, weighed only nine pounds at the age of 17. After which marvel it can hardly be expected that Nature, who failed to convulse the earth by it, will ever again take the trouble to attempt to create a sensation by this particular means.

Another instance culled from the papers since the above was written may be added, in conclusion, to show how the public taste has changed. Robert Malone was two inches shorter than the famous Tom Thumb, and for some time travelled with a waxwork show. Then he got an engagement with a variety company that appeared at the Theatre Royal, Seaham Harbour. Bad times ensued, and the company was broken up. As for Malone, he was found dead in a village hard by, having died of destitution—a polite name for starvation—because no Barnum had found it worth while to take him up.



*Paris Statues.*

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IV.—THE FONTAINE MOLIÈRE IN THE RUE RICHELIEU

# The Mother of the "*Lurline's*" Mate.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY G. HAWLEY.

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A THREE days' gale to an average clipper-ship is but a small matter; given sea room it is simply a case of oilskins, some hard work aloft, and another hand at the wheel; likewise an extra amount of profanity. But call a ship the *Lurline*, and load her up with iron rails and coal, and then a three days' gale becomes another matter.

Thus on the evening of the third day and forty-two out from the Island of Docks to Buenos Ayres, the clipper *Lurline* came wallowing from the horizon. She had a top-gallant sail set on the stump of her foremast. That was the only sail and the only stick left upright. Further, she had one side out and the other side in: the cargo had shifted. And so the ill-omened figure-head bowed and swooped sidelong at the white foam bed under the bows. Sometimes the carved image dipped deep in the green welter and rose up with dripping arms. In the position of the arms was a gesture of entreaty—downwards.

Before the sun rose again *Lurline* was to have her wish.

On the bare deck four men steadily and monotonously worked at the main pump. One man was at the wheel, lashed—sometimes outlined against the dark sky, sometimes against a chasing white lipped sea. On one side of the poop was the dead body of the captain. The rest of the crew, some in oilskins, some without, some sea-booted, some barefooted, crouched and hung on under the shelter of the bulwarks in the waist. The third mate and five hands had gone out with the falling masts the night before.

No one could see the white figure's gesture; besides, it did not matter, for they all knew that the *Lurline* was a thing beyond hope. So they chewed and smoked, and in turns got up without emotion and replaced the men who cried "Spell O!" at the pump.

In the cabin it was nearly dark. The first and second mates sat at either side

of the table. The place was in that condition peculiar to house-leaving time: remnants of many meals on the table; things heaped and huddled in corners; drawers half opened; broken pots ground up under sea-boot heels; and over all a sediment of half-burnt matches and spilt tobacco. The second mate was what is called on shore a little dapper man. His chief point was a fine moustache. The other man was bigger and coarser; pleasing only in the eyes of women who love the "heavy hand." These two men were finishing a meal of raw ham and sea biscuits, and at the same time settling a matter peculiar to the Saxon—death that did not spell glory.

"Now then, Jimmy," said the first mate, "that's all bunkum. Here's the old wind jammer ready to slump under our feet any minute. There's the blanked coast 60 miles to leeward. We've one boat left and two officers; one goes with all as can crowd into her; one stays here. I'm that one. The old man's dead as a pike-staff, and me being boss now, I'm . . . Grab the bottle, Jimmy! Scott, she's going!" The two men stared in one another's eyes, then looked at the doorway. The ship slowly and wearily recovered from the deadly lurch. The mates in the same manner recovered their old position; and all the time they remained in the cabin their eyes never left the doorway.

The table was quite cleared.

"Look here, Dhooli," said the second officer, "you can just as well crowd in. One more won't make the difference——"

"Quit, Jimmy! I know down to a seizing what that boat will carry. And you'll have to balance your moustache to a hair without me on board. Here! come out of this, she's beginning another."

They scrambled through the alley-way as the ship commenced another evil lurch. As they appeared on deck all heads in the waist turned to them for the verdict.

"It's out boat, men," cried Dhooli.





"THE 'LURLINE' CAME WALLOWING FROM THE HORIZON"

"Hold on though ; we mustn't leave the old man like a dunnage mat."

There was no prayer book on board, and so the mate, having a bad memory of such things, did what his lights showed unto him. The men steadied the body on the rail, and the mate began :

"This old man was captain. He did what he had to do ; also what the owners allowed him. He was a good seaman, but hadn't much time for church-going. If he's done bad things don't let his V.G. discharges be forgotten."

The mate held up his hand and the body rolled into the deep. He finished with "For ever and ever, Amen." He remembered that phrase : it came from a far time—of nightly journeys up a long stairway, he holding his little nightdress and stretching his little legs from stair to stair after the mother, she holding the candle at every landing and looking down with smiling face at his toiling figure.

He took no hand in the launching of the boat. The night shadows were creeping round the derelict and *Lurline* at the bows was very near home. All save the second mate had got in and they were baling already.

"You know the course, Jimmy? Its a pretty mean bit of coast to make, but that's better than sea-weed and deep sea soundings." The two men's hands were clasped and they looked in one another's eyes.

"There's the old lady, Jimmy. You'll not forget she was just as much your mother as mine?"

And Jimmy only said, "I'm not a rat!" and forthwith to the calling of the men he dropped into the surging boat. There was a chorus of shouting, "There's squeezing room for you too, sir—we'll chuck the breaker over."

"I weigh thirteen stone," said the man on the ship, "and the breaker weighs only four. I'd sink you." He cast off the painter, and the boat swooped down the hollow. But they kept near till the night had swallowed up the low mass of the ship and the two figures—one at either end—*Lurline* swooping down, dim, white, and the mate at the wheel, dusky, dark, sweeping up against the torn scud. At length no man could see more than the next breaker running out of the darkness ; so they pulled away, and their time not being due, they passed in safety

over the outlying mudbanks and churning rollers which stretch so many dreary miles to seaward from the coast of Guiana. They landed in the Corentyn River, handed over the boat to Lloyds' agent, found the British Consul, and then went home.

The Island of Docks, like other places, has its "lover's walk." There is not much scenery ; but scenery is simply wanton waste on lovers. Now Jimmy was back and his girl was marching him out in full parade, other girls being envious, as Jimmy had become a public man in consequence of a wet afternoon in the White Hart, and a reporter short of copy.

The young lady was decidedly pretty, and did credit to Jimmy's taste. A great mistake is to suppose that "prettiness" is not compatible with brain. Jimmy looked into the blue eyes and knew no more of what was underneath than he knew of the depth of the sea by merely looking at it. But both eyes and sea can be sounded, and it was Jimmy's luck to sound blue eyes that night.

He was bothered. Not a trace could be found of Dhooli's mother. The case was not unusual. Half-pay stopped with the red ink line crossing the *Lurline's* name in the register. Neighbours testified to quiet sales of household things for many weeks. Then a larger sale at the wish of a gentleman with a certain blue paper. After that the old lady had gone down the street and no one had seen her since. "But," said Jimmy to his girl, "I've got to find her, then we'll just make her a decent home with us when we're married."

The blue eyes grew thoughtful. "How are you going to do it, Jimmy—to afford it, I mean?"

"O! easy enough!"

"But we can't afford it in any way that I can see," said Blue Eyes decisively. Jimmy did not notice the "we."

"Well, we needn't live in a big house. Just take a nice small comfortable affair I don't want a hotel when I come home."

And therein lay all the difference—and Jimmy's ignorance. For what was the good of Blue Eyes getting married unless it were to have the sweet joy of showing her friends a house better than theirs? It was a critical moment and Jimmy must be stopped.



"THE HEAD THAT WASN'T DROWNED MADE ANSWER"

"You know, dear, she has no right to expect you to keep her. It was wrong of him to get you to promise. Indeed, I'd tell him so if he were here, for he knew you were easily led. I once spoke my mind to him about you." Blue Eyes did not see Jimmy's face, or she would have stopped. "Why can't she go to the

widows' alms-house? You know I can't have her in my house, as her friends are not my sort of people." Blue Eyes finished with a firm nod of her pretty head.

Jimmy's memory was busy with a grim picture; the water-sodden wreck, with the dark figure waving its cap

against the racing scud, and fading into the night. It "case-hardened" his heart, and in that moment Jimmy became a man.

A woman must have the last word, and after a long silence, while Jimmy's heart was cooling from the man making process, Blue Eyes had hers. "Jimmy! you've got to choose between her and me."

"Then God help you when you're some other man's widow! You'll never be mine," and Jimmy was several strides away before Blue Eyes could recover. That was why he never heard her calling him back.

Jimmy took counsel with the reporter and they hunted together. This was good for the pressman, for the sailor set great store by "feeding hands well if you want work done well." When his ship sailed Jimmy had no girl on the pier-head to see him off, but his new friend, with his thin coat tightly buttoned, stood shivering in the damp wind watching the ship fade into the south-west squalls. Then he resumed his bread and tea dinners.

Jimmy's new ship went hunting olive oil up the Levant, and it was midsummer before she returned. The pressman was duly on the pier-head.

"What news?" asked Jimmy from the foc'sle head.

"None!"

"We'll try together now," said Jimmy, and helped his friend up the side as the ship passed into the dock. The pressman was installed in the mate's berth, with a box of cigars and a bottle to kill time with until Jimmy had got the ship moored. At length he came rattling down the steps. "Now then! tumble on the bunk while I dress."

And Jimmy stripped, splashed, and dragged on his things, seized a handful of cigars and bounced on deck with him. It was a peaceful summer's night, with here and there a soft cloud drifting across the moon. The two men picked their way along the quay and came to the massive lock gates. The tide was running low, and to save time they crossed on the gates.

It was a place of dark hollow shadows and sound of churning water far below. The gate was narrow, with a rail only on the dock side of it. It was customary when people met on it that the right-hand man kept in, and stopped while the

other grasped his arm and passed on. Jimmy was in front and a man had halted to give him passage. The moon came out from a cloud as the mate took the man's arm to pass, and looking up he saw Dhooli, of the *Lurline*, who was saying:

"You little devil, where's my mother?" and Jimmy said nothing, for Dhooli's hand was on his throat and never left its hold till both men struck the sluicing water deep down.

The pressman, sick, and shuddering from head to foot, clung to the rail; but then, since the morning he had only broken his fast with Jimmy's bottle and cigars. He got down on his knees, still clutching the rail, and then laid all his length and peered over into the seething bed of water far below. He could feel his heart thumping against the planks. A strip of moonlight fell between two high warehouses and lit up a square patch of the water. At this point the big chains to the gate crossed one another, and the pressman saw two heads stationary amid the huddle of water that was like nothing else but molten silver.

The two mates hung on with arms and legs to their respective chains. There was about a yard between them, but that was as good as a whole continent as regarded any more fighting. The water sluiced above their heads for half a minute together. In a lull, Jimmy gasped out the answer to the question asked thirty-six feet above.

"Can't find her nohow. I've been trying and trying. I was going on a hunt again to-night. Why arn't you drowned?"

And the head that was not drowned made answer after the next rush left it clear: "I saw a steamer's lights about midnight, so I set fire to the cabin and got some sticks together to float me. But they got me off just at daybreak as she slumped. How are we going to get out of this?"

Jimmy tried to crane his head round, but the mate's grip had bruised his throat too much, so he cried out: "Let's try shinning up the chains."

The pressman saw the two heads emerge and begin to crawl up the chains to either side. He crawled shakily on his hands and knees until he had got the broad and solid quayside under him; then he rose up. Jimmy was shouting to him to get a life-buoy rope from its

standard, and presently Jimmy was up. They both went to the other side and helped the mate over the edge.

"This," said Jimmy, by way of introduction, "is the mate that was drowned on the *Lurline*."

The reporter was glowing. Under his breath he said, "And I'm going to be drowned too—in copy." He seized the sailors by either arm. "Now where can we go? I'll have all this in the morning edition. Come along; here's some timbers under a lamp-post. You two sit, and I'll write—hold on! I think I'll sit—feel a wee bit queer."

"Catch hold," cried Jimmy, and the sailors carried the fainting pressman back to the ship, and laid him on the berth.

"He wants a good feed by the look of him," said Dhooli. So the watchman was despatched to the nearest hotel, and when the man of ink looked round again, he saw the table spread and the big mate with a blanket tied round him, while Jimmy was filling the plates.

It was the third day of the search. Three continuous days of good feeding converted the pressman into a magazine of energy. He met the mates at the appointed bar: "I've got a clue."

"Come along," said they, and he led them off. Trinity House Lane, Postern Gate, and Dagger Lane, brought them into Blanket Row—once the dwelling place of prosperous merchants, but now a hive of tangled foreigners, and all who live from day to day. They went on down a narrow alley-way, reeking with the smell of blood and cattle, where children were as thick as flies. They stumbled up a dark staircase, opening out into big long rooms, sweet here with the smell of flax and hemp and clean sails; and up, until a little landing window flashed a sight of crowded masts and gleaming waters beyond the rough sea of slates and tiles. The last flight of stairs led into the attic. Somehow these heavy-footed men went softly up there. The door was ajar, and the reporter whispered, "Just see if we're right." The two mates peeped in. It was a bare-floored room with a single table and chair. A grey-haired woman sat with a piece of sewing fallen from her hands. She was looking through the window at the masts beyond. There was sorrow on her face, but not querulous repining. The big mate opened the door silently. The slight noise made her turn round, and

she got up trembling and held by the table.

"Mother!" said the big mate, and the grey-haired woman held out her arms and could not speak. Jimmy and the reporter shut the door and started to interview the sail-makers below with feverish energy. The pressman had just come back with a bucket of beer—for, as Jimmy said, roping storm-cloth is hot work—when Dhooli called down to Jimmy to go up. The pressman went out again for two cabs, and came back in time to see Dhooli coming down and his mother following—she smiling down at him as of old, but now it was he who waited at the landings.

The procession of two cabs was carefully started and as carefully piloted until Blanket Row was cleared, as children had to be weeded out from under the wheels, from under the horses, and all around them. They halted at a swell ladies' shop. Dhooli's mother, all smiles and tears, was duly escorted in by the three men and placed in the hands of the assistants.

"What kind of dress?" said the young lady.

"That kind you would like to see your mother in."

So the men sat astride the chairs—wrong way on—in the middle of the shop, and fluttered all the hearts beneath the tight trim bodices behind the counter with contagious enthusiasm. Jimmy even went so far as proposing drinks, but this was shyly, blushing refused; and no harm done, for these were sailor men.

When Dhooli's mother re-entered, and was turned round by the mistress of ceremonies for their inspection, Jimmy was deep in the theory and practice of fancy knots performed on ribbon. And the rustling silk dress claiming all attention, Jimmy taking scissors, cut, not the ribbon, but a lock of hair.

"Vittoria Hotel next!"

The pressman presided at the dinner. He did nearly all the speaking and sat up all night after, with a wet towel round his head, building up a column and a half of "copy." The sub-editor cut it down to fifteen lines.

"But," said the chief, "I think we can give him a place on the staff."

At the same time he received another appointment—Port Superintendent to Dhooli's mother.





## CONCERNING "REVIEW COPIES."

### THE BOOK BUYER.

I HAD often wondered what happened to the books that the publishers sent out for review ever since, in a second-hand bookshop, I had purchased a book which bore the stamp "With the publisher's compliments." I knew the publisher had not anticipated the book falling into my hands, although I am on very good terms indeed with all the publishers whom I have the good fortune to know. Pricked with sudden curiosity I determined to call on Mrs. Hindley in Holywell Street, known to all collectors as Booksellers' Row, because I was certain that she would know all that was to be known on the subject. Besides, a publisher had once told me that Mrs. Hindley was one of his best customers. When I told her this she laughed, saying, "You see I always pay promptly." Then with that inquisitiveness which has always been my bane, I asked Mrs. Hindley how many books she sold in a year.

"Well," she said, after considering for a moment or two, "that is scarcely a fair question, but we sell a great many every day."

"And are these all books 'with the publisher's compliments?'" I asked.

"No, you must not infer that," she said. "Our trade is a peculiar one. We do a great deal of business with editors and reviewers, buying from them the books which have been sent to them for review. But we also do a considerable trade directly with the publishers, which is infinitely more agreeable to the publishers, though not ostensibly 'with their compliments.' We have also a large

stock of travels, old and new, biographies and other works."

"Do you get many review copies which have not been cut?"

"We get a few," she smiled. "But I don't think that is fair on the publishers."

"You give a higher price for them. I suppose?"

"Well, that depends on the books," she rejoined. "But the difference is not so very great after all; and, personally, I prefer to see them cut. However, it does not always mean that the book has not been properly reviewed because the pages are uncut. I have known a man get the books he wished to review from Mudie's, and so be able to sell his review copies uncut. I think he's an editor."

"Editors are a bad lot," I remarked with feeling.

"O, no," said Mrs. Hindley; "I like all my editors very much. I don't know one who isn't a gentleman."

"And what about your other customers?" I asked. "Who are the principal buyers of review copies?"

"All sorts and conditions of men," she answered. "But we sell a number to various libraries, and the American agents are very good buyers, too."

"Do you find that when the publisher has stamped his compliments on the book he thereby renders it less saleable?"

"Curiously enough," she said, "the American agents won't buy a book stamped with the publisher's name. For what reason I don't know, unless it be that the instincts of the collector are so

keen on the other side of the Atlantic that any volume with a flaw is rejected. The books they like to buy are standard works, and books which, though published several years ago, like Fitzgerald's *History of the English Stage*, are still selling. Of course, they don't buy books which are published simultaneously in America and this country. But a book which they would otherwise buy is completely spoilt for them by 'the publisher's compliments.'

"And what sort of book has the largest sale?"

"Travels, biographies and novels. A good one-volume novel sells better than almost anything else. There is hardly any demand now for three-volume novels, although the price of them has been so much reduced. Formerly a three-volume

novel was published at 31s. 6d., now it is published at 18s. Now and again someone comes who prefers to buy a three-volume novel to any other; but such customers are getting scarce."

"Poets as dull as ever?" I asked gaily.

"Yes," she sighed, "the poor poets; they get into the dead-list sooner than the others, though I keep them on my shelves as long as I can. Sometimes they sell in 6d. box, but often they won't go at any price."

"Finally, Mrs. Hindley," I asked, "have you a grievance against anyone in the matter of books?"

"No," she laughed; "I have no grievance whatever; and even if I had one, I would not care to air it by rushing into print."

#### THE REVIEWER.

As I was leaving the shop, a man I knew entered with a large bundle under his arm. I waited for him outside. He appeared in a few minutes with a smiling face and greeted me heartily.

"Been selling your review copies?" I asked him. His brow darkened.

"Now, look here, Paul Pry," he said, threateningly. "You mind your own business."

"That's exactly what I am doing," I replied, sweetly. "What sort of book do you prefer to review?"

"Books that can be described as literature," he replied, haughtily.

"Ah!" said I, innocently. "I meant which books do you get the biggest price for?"

"That depends on the publisher's name and the price the book is published at," he answered, meekly; for he saw I would stand no nonsense.

"Are you the man that doesn't cut your review books, and subscribes to Mudie's?"

"Certainly not," he burst out, angrily. "What next, I wonder!"

"But you get a better price for a book with uncut pages."

"Yes, you do," he admitted; and then he could have bitten his tongue out. "Besides, I often get the same book to review for several journals; and I am not going to cut more than one copy." Then, after a pause, "Look here," he went on; "I sell the books I don't care

for; and the few books that are really worth anything to me I keep."

"That's all right," I repeated.

"You've no idea of the amount of drivel that passes through my hands in the course of a year; and even what you might describe as fairly good stuff you don't want to burden your shelves with. A man's own library ought to be an awfully select affair. Well, Providence invented Mrs. Hindley to be the poor reviewer's friend. He takes the books to her he does not want, and receives what she gives him with a thankful heart."

"That's all right," I said.

"Paul," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder and speaking with a pathetic catch in his voice, "it's not all right, but it might be worse."

"Have you any particular grievance?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "two. First, I have a grievance against one or two editors I know, who have the incredible impudence to demand the return of the books they send me for review. If I ever had returned any I might have more to say on that point; but, as I never returned a book in my life, I think it is enough to mention the fact. My other grievance is against the publishers who stamp their formal compliments on the books they send out for review. I sometimes lie in my bed and try to calculate the sound money I have lost by these cursed compliments."

"Well, I am going to call on a publisher," I said, "and I'll tell him what you say."

"Do," he said, warmly. "Tell him it means at least a shilling on every copy."

#### THE PUBLISHER.

The publisher was sitting at his desk playing with his nails.

"Not much doing just now," I remarked.

"No," he said, "not much. But my last book has done very well."

"How many review copies do you send out?"

"About fifty."

"Why do you stamp your compliments on them?"

"Personally I don't. Some papers made a row about it a little while ago, so I don't mind humouring them, though I despise them with all my heart."

"Then you have a grievance?"

"Yes," he said; "I have a distinct

grievance. Some editors receive the books you send out and keep them. They don't give them a notice, but sell them to the second-hand booksellers. That is simple robbery. Another complaint I make is that the review copies find their way to the bookstalls with indecent haste. I think editors and reviewers might at least let a month pass before they sell their copies. But sometimes I have seen a book of mine for sale at less than its published price before it has been issued to the public. What do you call that?"

"Disgraceful," I said.

"Your language is mild," he said; "but then you are not a publisher."

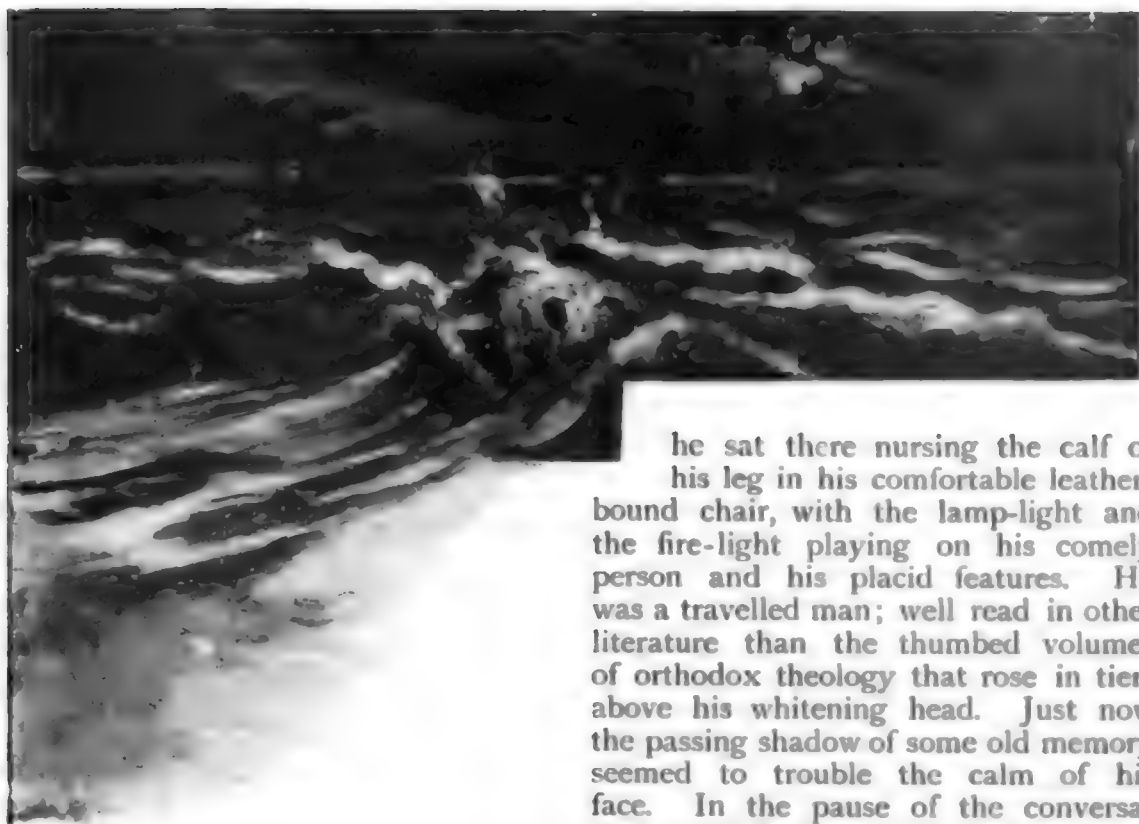
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#### SONG.

THE heart my love had broken  
I took from her again,  
Nor left with her a token  
Of hope that turned to pain.

But when I turned to wander  
Where I was fain to go,  
Upon my love to ponder  
That did maltreat me so,

The vows that I had spoken  
While yet she played with me,  
Remained, a bond unbroken  
And still I am not free.



## *Sorrow on the Sea.*

WRITTEN BY JOHN GEDDIE.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROBINSON.

I STARED across the hearth at my old friend, the Parish Minister, in some surprise. Our talk by the fire in the manse study that New Year's Eve had turned upon the superstitions that flourished so rankly among the fisher and sea-faring folk in the village below. To me it seemed that these survivals of elder faiths and pagan customs, these beliefs in omens, warnings, and spells, and in malign and unlucky influences drawn from the sea or dwelling in the darkness, should be rooted out as weeds that choke the reason and poison the happiness of men. But my friend had shaken his head.

"Wait till you have had the cure of souls for thirty years in a seaside parish," he had said. "There is more in earth and heaven—aye, and in the sea!—than is dreamed of in your philosophy. Weed as you like, you will find these things grow again. They spring from the depths of human experience. The truth is in them."

The Minister was the last man you would have suspected of mysticism, as

he sat there nursing the calf of his leg in his comfortable leather-bound chair, with the lamp-light and the fire-light playing on his comely person and his placid features. He was a travelled man; well read in other literature than the thumbled volumes of orthodox theology that rose in tiers above his whitening head. Just now the passing shadow of some old memory seemed to trouble the calm of his face. In the pause of the conversation, could be heard the wind prowling and wailing in the manse shrubberies, and the creaking of the broken limb of the old ash tree by the churchyard gate. Through all, and below all, came the hoarse, disconsolate undertone of the sea, sobbing on its rocks and searching its caves. Small wonder, I thought, that with such an unquiet neighbour outside, superstition floods the village and rises to the level of the manse fireside. A bachelor life, spent in this out of the way spot, might leave the soundest brain worm-eaten with fancies. The Minister looked up and caught my eye and smiled.

"You wonder," he said, answering my thought, "that I pay any heed to these old freits. But you know that I have a dash of Highland blood in me. Besides, I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and therefore of the stuff warlocks are made of. I should be proof against spells, and a fit messenger between the quick and the dead. Shall I tell you something that happened to me in this room, in this very chair?"

I begged him to proceed.

"I was sitting here," he began, "late on a Friday night, getting ready my Sunday sermon. Somehow I could not settle my thoughts on my work. I had an uneasy feeling that something was about to happen. My nerves were at tension, and I started every time the gnarled knuckles of the old pear-tree tapped peremptorily

on the pane. My discourse made no progress. It was such a night as this, only later in the year, and the sough of the wind and sea was louder. Suddenly—it must have been near midnight—a sharp peal came to the door-bell. Kirsty, the housekeeper, had long gone to bed, and I rose and answered the summons. As I opened the door a gust of moist salt air rushed past me into the house. The night was pitch dark, and on the step without I could just make out, by the light I carried in my hand, the figure of a man wrapped in a long cloak.

“‘You are wanted,’ he said, in a voice hoarse and indistinct.

“‘Who wants me?’

“‘A woman.’

“‘Who is she? Where is she?’

“‘Down by the shore,’ he said, answering only my second question. ‘It is a soul in great anguish,’ he added, as I hesitated.

“I put on my overcoat and followed him into the street. My companion kept a pace or two ahead of me, and in the shadow of the houses he looked little other than a wisp of thicker darkness. My own steps struck fire out of the rough cobble stones, as we descended the steep way to the harbour. The feet of my guide made only a faint soft pattering beside me. I did not wonder at this; for you know that it is the custom among our fisher people to walk barefooted until the cold forces them into shoes. We reached the long row of houses by the harbour which we call the Shore. At the last of the line I halted. My companion was leading me past it, out upon the open and rocky coast under the line of red cliffs, where there is no human habitation for a mile and more.

“‘A soul in anguish!’ he repeated, urgently and imploringly.

“I remembered that gypsies and tramps still occasionally seek shelter for the night in the caves that had once housed the ancient dwellers in the land, who have left traces of themselves graven on the walls in the form of rude symbols and sculptures. No doubt one of those wanderers was in distress of mind or body: and you know that I am doctor as well as pastor of the place. I followed, and away from the shadow of the narrow streets and heavy forestairs the way became slightly clearer. There was a wan light shining through the driving clouds,

and it was dimly reflected from the patches of sand among the sea-weed, and the hoary fringes of the broken waves that came creeping between the rocks. I found myself close to the water’s edge, at a part of the shore that did not seem familiar to me. A portal opened into the cliff, and at the heels of my companion I entered.

“To my astonishment I found myself in a large apartment thronged with people. It was filled with a curious light, greenish and uncertain, and the figures of the occupants also looked wavering and indistinct, like shapes seen through water. Most, or all of them appeared to be those of women, with bent heads, downcast eyes, and clinging garments. There was no mistaking the central figure of the group—her for whom my aid had been so strangely invoked. She was stretched on a couch of what looked like green sea-mosses. Her face would have shown young and fair, had it not been so deathly pale—white as the foam on the rocks outside—as indeed were the faces of all the company. Her hair was dishevelled and her fingers were tightly clutched in it. There was a light froth on her lips; from them came a low measured wail, wherewith her bosom rose and fell. Her attendants, as I judged them, repeated the sound, as they knelt by her, or hung over her; and the voice of the sea without chimed in with the weird chant.

“I tried to speak the conventional words of consolation to a soul in pain. But the first syllables I uttered drew a shriek of agony from the girl on the couch, and the prayer stuck in my throat. The stately figure of a woman came forward. She was clad in some waving and shimmering garment that fell to her feet. Like the others, she was of an exceeding pallor; like them, also, she kept her eyes veiled. She beckoned me to be silent and depart.

“‘You have seen enough,’ she said. ‘To-morrow you will know what is wanted. Come again.’

“I have a confused remembrance of struggling homeward in the darkness, and of flinging myself into my chair. Next morning I would have set all down to a wild dream, but Kirsty brought me my overcoat, still damp and heavy with the spray of the salt water.

“‘You’ll hae been at your auld tricks—oot and down by the shore at an hour





"I FOUND MYSELF CLOSE TO THE WATER'S EDGE"

when decent folks are in their beds,' she said, in that tone of indulgent chiding which she uses for my good. 'You'll be turning ill again on our hands.'

"I took the way down to the shore. At the doorstep of the last cottage of the village a chubby little fisher lad of four was seated playing with a comb. I looked at it attentively. It was of singular and apparently foreign design and workmanship. The mother told me he had found it yesterday on the beach.

"He tauld us a queer tale about ladies chasin' him. It maun hae been the sea-maws. They were unco' thrang yestreen on the Lang Craig and the inshore rocks. Tak' it awa wi' you, sir, if you can get it frae him. It's no mowse.'

"For the consideration of a piece of silver, the little fellow reluctantly parted with the comb, and I carried it home with me. It lay beside me on the table that evening when I tackled again the interrupted task of writing my sermon. My eyes were fascinated by this piece of salvage from the sea, and I found myself tracing on the paper the curious patterns and mysterious emblems engraved on it, instead of following the heads of my text. My ears, too, I confess, were listening for the summons. At last it came—the same peal of the bell; the same dark messenger at the door. This time I made no delay, and asked no questions. I was eager to penetrate the secret of the cave and the dumb sorrow that abode in it. I found everything within as I had left it the previous midnight: the pale green light, the flickering shadows, the prone and weeping figures about the couch, the inarticulate wailing cry that rose and sunk, filling the place with the spirit of desolate yearning. Again the stately lady came forward, and again I felt at her approach a sense of clamminess and cold: her presence was like the chill breath of a sea-haar. Without raising her eyes or opening her lips she stretched forth her hand. In mine was the lost comb. Unconsciously I had caught it up from the table on leaving the house, but, until this moment, my thoughts had not connected it with the grief in the sea cave.

"The instant it left my grasp I was aware of a change. The drear ululation ceased. The prostrate bodies that had lain like a field of reeds bent one way with the breeze, or like masses of tangle streaming with the tide, rose slowly.

Their outstretched limbs and fluttering garments, as they drew nearer me from all sides, had the hungry, insinuating movements of the arms of polypi. Even the sea had suddenly changed its note: its voice grew shrill and ravenous. My wonder and curiosity gave place to fear. I was filled with an over-mastering desire to escape from these enigmatical people. My hostess, as I may call her, pressed me to take a present from her hands. I refused. She begged me to eat or to drink at parting. Still I declined, until, to disarm what seemed like rising anger at my discourtesy, I stretched forth my hand to take from hers a goblet, holding a ruby-coloured liquid.

"For a single instant the downcast eyes were raised and looked into mine; and from under the straight and narrow lids there flashed a gleam of such unearthly hate and malevolence that I dropped the cup and fled.

"I remember stumbling over the rocks and slipping on the wet coils of seaweed in my feverish haste to leave the accursed place behind me. Then I was back in the study and in my chair, with panting breath and beating heart. Again I could have thought it an evil dream. But when I looked down at my feet, my boots were soaked with mud and salt water, and to one of them clung a green flake of sea moss. And when I turned to the table, the comb was gone."

"Well," I said, "you fell asleep, and had a bad dream."

The Minister smiled. "What do you make of the wet overcoat?" he asked.

"You took a stroll down to the sea-side and forgot. Or, perhaps you walked in your sleep."

"And what of the missing comb?"

"You mislaid it—perhaps flung into the sea." My friend looked at me pityingly.

"You are one of those who seeing will not know, and hearing will not believe. I wonder what you will say to the sequel."

"There is a sequel, then?"

"Next morning, as Dauvit was putting on my gown in the vestry, a letter was brought to me. As far as I can remember, it bore simply the words 'For the Lifeboat,' in printed characters. Within was a hundred pound Bank of England note. Such a thing is a ferlie indeed in these parts. But this particular note,



"A GOBLET HOLDING A RUBY-COLOURED LIQUID"

though legible, was marvellously stained and bleached, you would have said with foul weather and salt water. I looked round me for the envelope, but Dauvit had picked it up, and thrust it into the stove. He does not like to see papers fluttering about, either in the vestry or in the pulpit. The letter had been found on the manse doorstep. I never got any clue concerning either sender or messenger."

I laughed outright.

"Then do your mermaids — for I suppose these were mermaids — keep pen and ink and paper down in their watery caves? Are they taught the three R's; and have they bank-books and notes of issue like commonplace mortals?"

The Minister did not relish the joke.

"At that time," he went on gravely, "I was the local treasurer of the fund for planting a life-boat at Partanraw, in the next parish. The scheme had stuck for the want of subscriptions, and just this sum was needed to launch the boat. I was tempted; and I sent in the hundred pounds as the gift of an anonymous donor."

"What on earth else could you have with it?" I asked.

The expression of pain I had noticed once before on my friend's face passed across it.

"I would to heaven I had thrust it into the fire!" he cried, with startling energy. "The evil thing brought sorrow to many a fireside, and to mine among the rest."

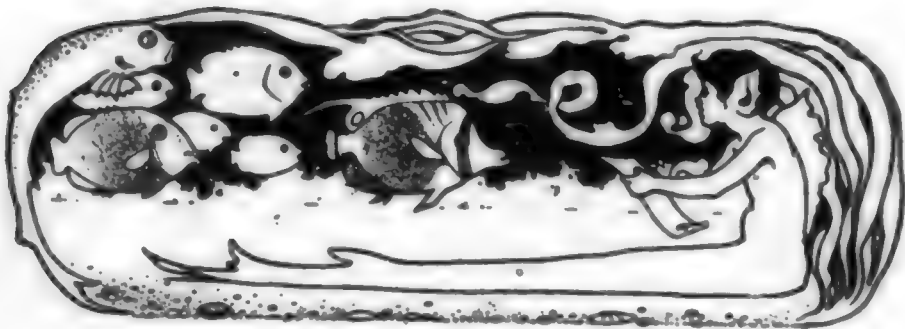
Then I remembered what had happened: at the time it had been a nine days' wonder. The new lifeboat went out on her first trip on a wild day of storm to the aid of a vessel that appeared in the offing flying signals of distress. The ship disappeared, phantom-like, in the spin drift, and nothing was ever seen or heard of her. But the boat foundered, and her gallant crew perished to a man.

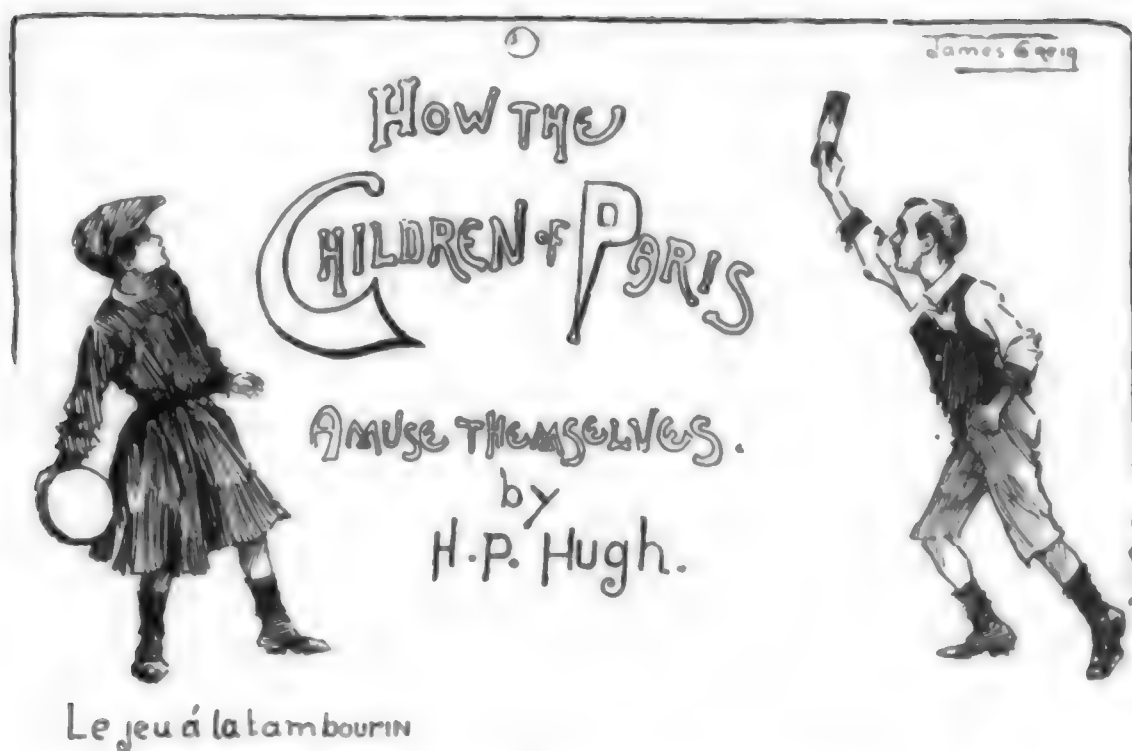
"The father of little Sandy Farquhar held the tiller," said the Minister, as if speaking to himself. "I found him myself, flung dead at the foot of the Devil's Rock. Who sent that bribe?" he asked, turning almost fiercely on me.

"No doubt it was sent by some good Samaritan who trusted you and did not wish his charitable deed to be known."

"And on the Sabbath morning!" cried my host, with scorn ineffable. "A likely story!"

This was unanswerable





ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.

IT was as hot as it always is—even on the most unprovoked occasions—in the Galleries of the Luxembourg, and one was glad to get out again into the glorious Gardens, and to idle carelessly on the chairs and watch little Paris at play. It is the great playground for the children, and it is the place that one seeks out when tired of the city and its electric light frivolity. It is the prettiest play spot in the world, and the amusements of the little ones of France are of the prettiest. Games of every description were in progress, and here was the laughter of children and the sound of disputes, that to the little ones meant worlds, over every boat that was sent sailing across the lake, and every top thrown down, which might, could or should have won the contest, but which did not.

She alone seemed grieved, and she was small to have all the sadness her little face depicted. She pushed along a little perambulator containing an india-rubber dolly, and she stopped in front of me, and then putting her finger in her mouth, as though she was punishing herself for her unseemly conduct, she dragged the doll out by one leg and laid it down by my side.

"He's very ill," she commenced, in lisping French. "He never cries. Once

he cried always when I squeezed him. But he is no good now." It seemed to puzzle the little mite so much indeed that she took off every stitch of clothing he possessed, and laid him on my knees and silently hinted that a diagnosis was possible. I attended to its small wants, and when it screamed and squeaked each time she banged it she seemed convinced that his health was restored, and toddled off without saying a word, but from time to time nodded back. She had only done what any child in any country would have done—found means of putting an adult to some practical use. To children we must seem lonely and hopeless with never a hoop by our side nor a top in our pockets. But a minute later she came running back, for she had heard the cry of "A la noce! a la noce!"

The song grew fainter as the procession, which increased in length every minute, wound slowly away down the avenues of the Gardens. It was a pretty little ceremony while it lasted and strangely human. He was a small atom of a Frenchman in a brown holland suit, with a large flowing tie, and she was a pretty little girl in white with her hair bound up with a blue ribbon. For a long time he had been casting amorous glances at her when they were at play, and she had not been quite indifferent.



This had been noted and referred to in many quiet whispers by their play-fellows, and it had been agreed that there could only be one happy ending, and that a marriage. The decision had been laid before them, and they had walked away together, and in very small voices had discussed the question together. She had concluded that the prospects of unlimited toys and sweets that he promised were attractive, and she had accepted him. So they came back, and their expectant companions had the

fully united for life, and then amid laughter and cheering the wedding procession was formed, the chant of "A la noce" bringing up every child in the Gardens who heard it. Nothing is more interesting in the great playground of Paris than these mock weddings, and the thing about it all that is so curious is that they remain together as man and wife so long as hoops and toys are their pleasures in life, and the slightest levity of conduct on the part of either would lead to a scandal throughout the whole



"A LA NOCE!"

desired opportunity of taking part in the little mock wedding. For the bride and bridegroom it seemed a very serious affair, and probably nothing was further from their thoughts than that a day would arrive when she would be somebody else's wife, and he far from her. There was no difficulty in finding the "priest," who walked up solemnly to the seat that had been converted into an altar, with sundry flowers and branches, and had signalled to the mites to approach. Solemn enough it all was then. They kneeled down before him as he explained to them that they were law-

garden, and the desirability of his or her continuing as a recognised and accredited playmate would have to be brought up for discussion.

But this is merely one of a score of games played each afternoon in the gardens and parks of Paris. Many, though differing in detail, bear a strong family likeness to those of Britain. Still, the future French nation is more nurse-ridden and less boisterous. To their credit be it also said that they respect more keenly the life and limb of their seniors. They would never, for instance, dream of playing such a mur-



IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

derous game as "tip-cat" in the public street, nor calling out an adjoining *arrondissement* to meet them at cricket in a crowded thoroughfare. With their hoops also they are gentle, and practically stroke them into motion, while young John Bull beats them into a lightning pace, as though he were dealing with a mortal enemy past resistance. There is also another striking difference with marbles. The British boy fires it determinedly with his thumb nail, but his Paris brother squeezes it between his thumb and forefinger. This distinction will probably do much to lower the French youngsters' methods in the eyes of Britain under the [age of twelve; but every British mother's heart will go out in yearning when another difference is mentioned. There is a game in Britain, popular in all classes of child-life, which is decidedly and distinctly of a gambling nature. It is pitch-and-toss, with buttons as the stakes. Now, a British boy always carries a pocket-knife, and when he loses the buttons that did little or no harm when jingling in his pockets he must get others. How he gets them and where they come from is no secret: it is a housewife's sorrow. The French school-teacher knew well of this game, and he grieved for the mothers and hit upon a neat idea. He showed the children how much more amusing and exciting it would be if it were played with pens. This is how it is done. The pens are thrown into the air. Those that fall on their backs have to be lifted one by one by the pressure of the finger and dropped again, with the idea of turning them over in the process. If they fall on the front then the process is reversed. Those successfully dealt with become the property of the small gamester. The game is one of the greatest delights of little Paris, and it is no uncommon sight to see a crowd watching eagerly, and grown-up folk finding their fingers itching to improve on the performances of the players.

In hop-scotch, too, a good deal more count is taken of the real resistance of leather than in Britain, and instead of kicking the toes out of their boots the stone is carried between the feet from "Ciel" to "Enfer," as the respective goals are called. The French children have a decidedly prettier counterpart to the British dancing round in the ring, which seems to be specially designed for

producing giddiness and tumbles. They form a long line with hands interlocked, and then turn round and round in a perfectly military manner, attaining by degrees a tremendous pace.

Of all the more ambitious games none is more keenly disputed than the battle-dore and shuttlecock, played, however, with a ball and a kind of tambourine. It takes the place practically of every one of the athletic games that so thrive in our own schools. The skill obtained by mere toddlers is striking, and the ball is frequently kept moving for several minutes without one false stroke. It is decidedly exciting, and, from a child's point of view in imagining that he is put on this earth to be always moving, it leaves nothing to be desired. While it is in progress there is one long blend of laughter, cheering, scrambling, and cheeks are all aglow and small bodies tremble with pleasure. The game is too good to be forgotten, and when frocks have grown longer and knickerbockers are laid aside it is played with the old excitement on fashionable *plages* and on many lawns. A more violent version of this is the arm-football (to use a self-apparent contradiction), which has its head-quarters in the gardens of the Tuileries. The players stand fully twenty yards apart, and then the football is knocked into the air by a blow from the arm. The other players strike it again after the first dap and returns it, skying it to an extraordinary height. For those whose muscles are not in very fine condition it is best looked on and not joined in.

Who has not heard of Guignol—the French Punch and Judy? No piece that was ever mounted on the stage of any theatre has so sympathetic an audience, and it is the joy of the child's life—rich or poor—to follow with bated breath the comedy-tragedy in the Champs Elysées. But no matter what their station in life may be, one thing is certain, that nine-tenths of the audience will arrive with a brilliantly-coloured balloon flying. Wherever French children are assembled there will the whole landscape be dotted with balloons, and for Guignol the choicest are brought down by the Boulevard St. Germaine. Young folk and their less fortunate brothers and sisters who have personally conducted themselves to the Champs Elysées from some far-off bye-street would feel grieved if



they had not at least one for each party. And, speaking of Guignol, here is a strange and true little story that is very sad. At a great asylum for the blind in Paris the other day a fête was organised, and the inmates were asked how they would like to pass the day. There was a cry for the opera for the music, and the Comedie Française for the declamation, but it was noted that the majority were silent. "And what do you wish?" was asked, and the reply came, "Guignol, Guignol." All of them had lost their eyesight after they had once seen and learned to love Guignol, and years of darkness had not obliterated

that reminiscence. They had their desire granted.

No article, however brief, on child-life in the *ville lumière*, would be complete without some description of a fight. It is only slightly more comical than a duel. There is a squabble, a slight skirmish, and then, with befitting ceremony, the

Then when they are several yards apart, one puts out his leg as though to trip his adversary up. The other retaliates by picking up a stone and looking dangerous—not that he has any intention of using it. Still, if he fell, it might strike his rival's toe, so honour is declared satisfied.



IN THE TUILERIES

combatants divest themselves of their jackets. An admiring crowd assembles. Do you imagine that a blow will be struck? Never in the history of the Luxembourg Gardens has a black eye been seen. They manœuvre round and round, and from time to time open their arms as though to wrestle, but this is abandoned as ridiculous, as it would necessitate their touching one another.

The French are delightful little play-mates, full of life and good nature, kind to the less fortunate, and so careful not to do or say anything that may hurt the feelings of one with an infirmity, and though in their play there is not quite enough of getting into your shirt sleeves to please an English boy critic, the childhood days of young Paris are very happy.





FAREWELL.

ENGRAVED BY E. BONG



## In Poppyland.

HERE, where of dreams the crop is  
I will lie down and sleep:  
To these dim, scarlet poppies  
I give my heart to keep.

Down through the autumn coppice  
A wind goes; piping shrill:  
It calls to the quivering poppies,  
"Be still, and sleep! be still!"

Be still, while the summer passes  
And lovers pass you by,  
For surely under the grasses  
All loves at last shall lie.

The wind is wild in the coppice,  
The nests are empty and bare:  
But the overword of the poppies  
Is, "Slumber: and take no care!"

NORA HOPPER.



## OUR HERB MOON.

**O**FT repeated by Mr. Babbington-Bright was the theory that we eat too much; and he generally aired it after an especially good dinner, or when he felt complacently sleepy after lunch. Now, though I never try to confute any of my lord's opinions, I did not believe my catering to be at all more extravagant than climate necessitated and health demanded. Our living is of the simplest. Breakfast, with bacon and eggs or fish as staple dishes, is served at nine, or as soon thereafter as we get downstairs. Babs comes from school for lunch at one, and the servants dine then, so there is commonly soup and joint, or beef and pudding. Four-thirty brings afternoon tea. We have dinner at half-past seven, when sundry little dishes, ingeniously contrived by cook, appear on the table. I appeal to any housekeeper: Can any family live more plainly? Still Mr. Babbington-Bright would enforce his arguments in favour of simple living, and follow them by expressing a desire to try Vegetarianism for a spell.

"You see," he would say, lolling back in his chair contentedly, and puffing graceful smoke-rings; "we eat and drink too much, and indulge in foolish luxuries. We consume the wrong sorts of food, we imbibe the wrong kinds of drink. If we lived wholesomely on vegetable foods, and drank natural fluids, like milk or water, we would be much more healthy than we are."

I may mention in parentheses that, save for a sprained ankle three years ago, Mr. Babbington-Bright has never had an ailment.

"I suppose smoking comes under the

category of foolish luxuries?" I ventured.

"Tobacco, my dear girl, belongs to the vegetable kingdom, and is a necessity," he replied, with conscious superiority.

Hitherto I had been able to postpone the evil day on the plea that it was too early in the season for new fruits, and that autumn was the proper time for the experiment. One evening in the second week of September, however, he announced decisively that the hour had come, and that our Herb Moon would begin next day. Certainly I had to confess that there could not have been a more suitable date for the attempt; for most of our friends were out of town—so that there would be few claims on our hospitality—and fruits of the earth were abundant. Our resolve to devote ourselves to Vegetarianism for a month at least, having been formed, I interviewed cook on the subject. When I assured her the kitchen menu would remain unaltered, her face lost its dubious expression, and she threw herself into our scheme right heartily, promising to procure recipes, and to concoct dishes as tempting as the ingredients permitted.

The morning fixed for entrance on the Natural Life was wet and chilly; and the appearance of our Reformed Breakfast-table was not inspiring. At the end usually sacred to the shrine of the teapot stood a large milk jug; and the maid, while she had felt impelled to follow her traditions by setting cups and saucers, had tried to meet our newly-formulated desires by adding tumblers. In the place customarily occupied by the hot dish was a huge green melon,

flanked by dishes of walnuts and filberts. The rain battered against the window as Mr. Babbington-Bright, making a strong effort to look happy, carved the melon. I declined a slice, and slowly munched a piece of bread-and-butter, avoiding the cold milk. Babs, indeed, was the only member of the family who seemed to do justice to the viands. After watching him cheerfully stuffing himself alternately with slices of melon and nuts, I had perforce to remonstrate.

"Don't you think, Herbert, that boy will make himself ill by eating all this stuff?"

"Certainly not, dear. Nuts are the most natural food of all, and are recommended by many authorities as the most nourishing. Save that it is apt to become monotonous, it would be esteemed the perfect food," replied my husband, in didactic tone, as he manfully attacked a slab of melon. "But you don't seem to be eating anything, Muriel. Don't you feel well?"

"Herbert," I replied, apologetically, "I hope you won't think me shirking our experiment, but I really must have a cup of tea. I don't think I could begin the day without it."

The warm tea seemed to give everything a more cheerful aspect. Yet we did not linger over the meal as was our lazy wont. Just as we left the table a bright idea struck Herbert.

"Porridge! that's the correct thing for a Vegetarian Breakfast, of course. Stupid of us to forget it. Order porridge for to-morrow, will you, dear?"

Proceeding downstairs to confer with cook regarding the commissariat, I was surprised to see her dolorous look. On the table lay the *Cookery Book*, a ponderous tome lavishly interleaved with brilliantly coloured representations of highly indigestible dishes, from whose florid presentiments Babs is wont to compile an elaborate menu for his Birthday Dinner. It is cook's authority on every point appertaining to her realm. In truth she regards the *Cookery Book* with that respect usually reserved for Holy Writ, and reverences Mrs. Beeton as a High Priestess.

"Well, cook," I said, "have you thought of any nice dishes?"

Pointing to the open volume cook shook her head gravely. "Mrs. Beeton, ma'am, she don't think much of Vegetarians."

"Why, cook, how do you make that out?"

"Well, ma'am, in the book she gives heaps of bills of fare for every day in the week twice over in ordinary cookery, and there's only two Vegetarian Dinners for September in the whole book!"

"I fancy Mrs. Beeton found that after people had tried two they didn't want more. Well, suppose we begin with the two she does give. What are they? O! vegetable soup, potato pie, croquettes of hominy, stuffed tomatoes, stewed fruit, ground-rice pudding. That doesn't sound nice, but we must do as the Master wishes, of course."

"Of course, ma'am," cook acquiesced.

"We'll have the soup and potato pie, and some stewed apples and rice. That will do for luncheon. Then for dinner——"

"Tomato soup," murmured cook.

I took the hint.

"Yes; tomato soup and baked beans—haricot beans are nourishing, I know—and pancakes to dinner. That should do."

"Very good, ma'am," responded cook, resignedly. "I'll do my best to make 'em tasty."

It was with painful expectancy we met at lunch. Babs looked pale, and confessed to a slight pain, the result, no doubt, of his ultra-hygienic breakfast.

The soup was excellent, and the potato pie displayed a tempting exterior. It had a nicely decorated crust, but the filling was composed of a conglomerate mass of onions, celery, potatoes, sago and milk.

"Well, what else is there?" asked Mr. Babbington-Bright, when we had weighed the pie in the balance and found it wanting. "Stewed apples and ground-rice. Poor stuff, isn't it, dear? Couldn't we have had an apple dumpling or a roly-poly, or something substantial?"

"No, Herbert. These puddings need suet, and to us, as Vegetarians, suet is taboo."

"Bother!" was Herbert's only remark.

I don't think ever afternoon tea was more welcome than ours when it duly arrived that day. The thin bread-and-butter and sponge-cakes vanished in a twinkling, and more was demanded.

Dinner time also found us starving.

"The soup seems thin, Muriel. It is usually so good."

"That must be from the absence of

the stock. Cook was obliged to make it with butter and water to-day."

"And what in the name of goodness is 'stock'?"

"It's a kind of jelly obtained by stewing bones and scraps as a foundation for gravies and soups, but in our new regime we can't use bones, so of course —"

Mr. Babbington Bright merely grunted, as he began to consume the baked beans. But even the beans lacked their savour.

"Ask cook why the beans are not so crisp and nice to-night," I said to the maid who waited, and in a moment she brought back the unsatisfactory reply: "Cook says m'm, she's very sorry, please, but she used to put a slice of fat bacon over the beans when they were a-browning in the oven, and to-day she couldn't put nothing but parsley."

Dinner is a cheerful meal with us in ordinary circumstances. We enjoy it leisurely, with a pleasing consciousness that the day's work is over, and thereafter repair to the studio for a game of halma or of bezique. On this occasion neither of us was in a mood for amusement. Herbert sat gazing perplexedly at his big picture, whereof he confessed he had made a mess during the day; and I addled my brains over a woolly-headed problem novel, that began by finding a lot of folk wretched, and ended by leaving them distracted. We retired comparatively early. About two I awoke to find someone moving about the room. It was Mr. Babbington-Bright: like a penitential pilgrim, in a dressing-gown, with a lighted taper in his hand.

"What is wrong?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Nothing," he replied, in a shame-faced sort of manner; "but I can't sleep. I believe I'm hungry."

"Hungry!" I exclaimed, instantly sitting up in bed. "So am I—ravenously. There's plenty of biscuits on the dining-room sideboard. Bring me some, too—a lot; but don't let the servants hear you."

In two or three minutes he returned bearing the biscuit-box and two tumblers of whisky and soda.

"Is this not forbidden in the bond?" I asked, as he handed me one.

Herbert's eyes twinkled over the rim of his glass as he replied:

"Muriel, what is happening now is a dream. You will have no recollection of this incident to-morrow, because it never occurred."

And like a good wife I took the hint. Rain had fallen in torrents all night, and the raw, unpleasant atmosphere of the morning inclined our hearts to regard the coming porridge with pleasant anticipation. But to our disappointment a stodgy mass of coarse, unsalted oatmeal, half-cooked, was served in a vegetable dish. The porridge was a failure. The grocer had mistaken the kind of grain ordered, and cook, having no previous experience of the fare, imagined it to be some kind of pudding, and was afraid to salt it. We breakfasted off what we could. Babs, nothing daunted by his sufferings of the previous day, tackled pears and bananas. But Mr. Babbington-Bright, I noticed, confined his attentions to rolls and milk, and merely trifled with a green fig. The forenoon passed dimly. Herbert hummed not nor whistled over his work, as was his practice. There was no gay prospect of a cosy repast to lighten the hours. As we walked into lunch our nostrils were assailed by a savoury odour that seemed to fill the air. Herbert smiled.

"Something eatable to-day. What is there for lunch, Mary?"

"Potato soup, sir, macaroni and cheese, and baked custard, sir."

"But what does that smell come from?"

"O, I think that is from the kitchen dinner, sir. We are to have a roast loin of pork." Then, hesitatingly, "Would you like me to bring up some of the apple sauce, sir?"

"O, bother the apple sauce," cried Herbert, recklessly burning his boats, "bring up the loin of pork!"

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.

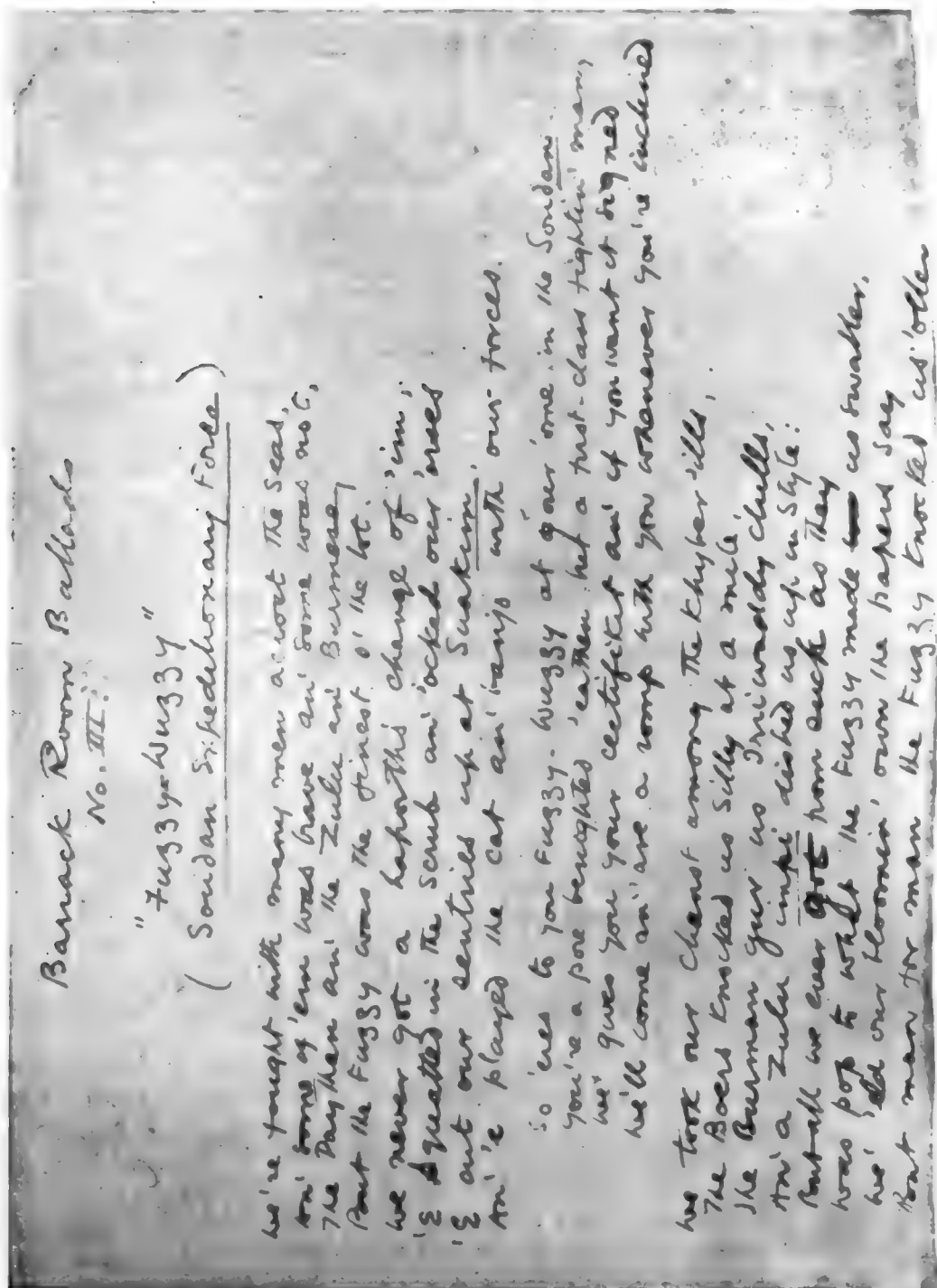




## "FUZZY-WUZZY."

**T**HANKS to the combined kindness of the author and the publishers, we are enabled to present you with, not only the words of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's immortal "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," but print that famous number of

it will be remembered that from those Britons now hand to hand with him comes news that Fuzzy-Wuzzy has deteriorated; his magnificent pugnacity is a thing of the past, and he is said to lack something of his old "ginger" when



*Barrack-Room Ballads* in facsimile as it left the poet's hand. With interest alive and awake in the present Soudan Expedition and fresh news of the victory just recorded, you must study the stirring tribute to the shock-headed disciples of the Mahdi with peculiar interest, though

face to face with our present forces. Once let the fanatic lose grip in his gods; once let a shadow of doubt cross his strenuous mind as to the miraculous credentials of his Prophet, and the fire dies out of him. No miracle has swept their foes before them; no amount of direct prophetic or heavenly

protection keeps out a Martini bullet. So it may well be that poor Fuzzy-Wuzzy grows faint-hearted before his perishing cause and fading ideals. Mr. Kipling's

nature and characteristics of the savage forces then arrayed against us. It is satisfactory to hear that Messrs. Methuen and Company will soon publish the

Then dies by you Fuzzy Wuzzy, an' the medals an' the kid!  
Our orders was to break you an' of course we went an' did.  
We sloshed you with Martines an' fragments an' by fair  
But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-bug, you bruck the square.  
'E hasn't got the papers of 'is run,  
'E can't get no medals nor rewards,  
So we must certify the still 'e's shown  
In coin' of 'is long two-handed sword:  
When 'e's 'opin' in an' about-out among the bush  
With 'is coffin-headed shield an' shovel spear,  
An' at the day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an' 'eadly Tommy for a year.  
So 'e's by you Fuzzy-bug an' your friends which are no more,  
I trowe adn't lost some measurables we would 'elp you to deplore,  
But give an' takes the Gospel, an' will call the bargain fair  
For if you 'ave lost more then us, you crumpled up the square!  
'E rushes at the smother when we let drive  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead,  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally 'shammie' when 'e's dead,  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a daisy, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's an infia-nutler idiot on the spree  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn  
For a Regiment or 'Bouties & Infantry.  
So 'e's by you Fuzzy-bug at your 'ome in the Soudan  
You're a pore benighted 'Choke but a first-class fightin' man,  
Den 'e's by you Fuzzy-bug with your 'ay-rick 'ead of 'air—  
Ye big black boundin' beggar for ye bruck a Bouties & Infantry.

spirited tribute has very particular interest, for not only is it one of the finest pieces of work he ever put pen to, but it commemorates a true incident in Soudanese warfare, and sums up the

Second Series of *Barrack-Room Ballads*: Mr. Kipling's new verses will see the light during the present month. Let us pray that we shall find another "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" among them.

## The Fashions of the Month.

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**I**T is early, perhaps, to speak of furs, but ere the end of the month it will be well to see about them, as meteorologists predict a severe winter. The abundance and brilliance of berries this autumn is also considered a sign of coming storms. Sable is still the favourite fur, and is not like to be soon ousted from popular favour, since it is so eminently becoming. Capes of sable are being made deeper on the shoulder than we have had them for a winter or two. One lovely specimen is thickly bordered with tails, and has a huge high collar, and a couple of paws in front. Astrakhan, Persian-lamb, Baby-lamb, and Broad-tail, are likewise to be popular. One original cape in Astrakhan is cut rather full and hangs slightly below the waist. All round the edge little tabs of white kid are let into the Astrakhan, and these are prettily braided in black and gold. The large stand-up and turn-over collar is similarly trimmed, and the cape is lined with heliotrope brocade. Tabs of suède embroidered in black and red cord would also look well, and a lining of one of the red tartan silks might fittingly accompany it. Chinchilla, though carefully kept in the foreground by furriers, seems not to be largely worn. It is pretty on some, but too chilly in tone for the majority of complexions. The fact that it spoils with rain will not commend it to the economical. Blue fox is charmingly becoming to women of good complexions. A *pélérine* shape of fur cape will also be worn. For evening wear, for going in and out to theatres, nothing is so useful as a long cloak with large bishop sleeves that will cover everything, hanging in box-pleats from a yoke back and front. One in dark red velvet with skunk fur at the neck and sleeves is engaging. A ruffle of shot silk ribbon in red and gold inside the high fur-collar, and running down the front of the coat to the waist, is an excellent addition.

Ruffles of velvet, silk, or satin on coats and jackets form one of the innovations this winter. Plain double-breasted coats in cloth, with large revers and a single row of buttons, are also good, especially for those who travel from the suburbs to theatres and concerts, or have to drive along country roads to dinners and dances.

Mink-tail is extensively employed in trimming autumn gowns. One pretty dress in heliotrope cloth has an edging of mink-tail all round the hem. Above this there is some pretty braiding in heliotrope and cream put on in rectangularly crossing lines, broader near the hem and narrowing as it ascends, the skirt reminding one of the scaffolding of a church spire. The bodice is diversified. The vest, or rather chemisette, of pleated white satin, emerges out of one of dark heliotrope velvet. The velvet is cut away in rectangles from the satin, and in this way harmonises with the rectangular braiding on the skirt. Three square tabs of white satin hang over either sleeve. This is one of Redfern's prettiest autumn gowns. One of our illustrations shows an afternoon gown in black and white silk. The bodice has a white satin yoke covered with jet, and the sleeves and bodice are of chiffon. A neat, plain dress for morning wear is of a mixed dark tweed, with a vest of pale green cloth. The short coat-bodice has rounded points in front, and the vest is broader at the neck and comes to a point at the waist, so that the coat has a graceful curve from shoulder to waist, rounding out again below. The green vest is embroidered in two shades of green braid, and on the coat fronts outside the vest two narrow bits of cloth are let into the tweed, and curve in to the waist. Similar tiny bits of the cloth are let into the basque of the coat on either side behind and on either side in front. The basques of this coat are quite flat. Another of our illustrations

\*.\* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowdoin Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



AFTERNOON GOWN

shows an evening gown. The skirt is of black moiré, and the bodice and sleeves of black lace. The bodice is trimmed with black satin. A dainty evening bodice is made of one of Liberty's printed velvets in a rich, deep shade of gold. It has a pretty fichu of coffee-coloured crape edged with lace. This drapes just as prettily as chiffon, and

is infinitely more durable. Liberty's velvet blouses are delicious, and he wisely makes them plain so that they can be varied by different lace collars and fichus. His printed silks—in quaint devices and collars—and his English silk and satin brocades are all charming and inexpensive for blouses.

Despite many prophecies that flat hats



EVENING GOWN

were coming in, and high hats going out, the latter seem in the meantime more firmly established in favour than ever. One admirable hat, in black felt with a square crown, has the brim turned up high at one side, and above this six fine black plumes curve and nod in bewitching fashion. Against the turned-up brim are large bows of black satin, and

there are more bows below the brim resting on the hair on the head. This hat has something of the effect of the incomparable one worn by Mrs. Siddons in her portrait in the National Gallery. White felts are charming for country wear just now ere the gloomy weather sets in, and are not so unprofitable as they look. They can be readily cleaned



# BOVRIL

is the vital principle of Prime Ox Beef obtained from Selected Cattle reared in Australia and South America only.



"Beer does not suit me, Tea affects my nerves,  
Water is impure; what should I do without Bovril?"

Bovril is Meat and Drink at one draught, containing in an easily digestible form the entire nourishment of Beef, thereby differing from ordinary Meat Extracts and home made Beef Teas.

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DR. FARQUHARSON, M.P., AND OTHERS.



FLANNEL DRESSING GOWN

at home with a little French chalk. Rub a bit of the chalk into the felt. Take a fine white woollen rag, and then rub it in still better. When the hat has been well whitened, go over it with a soft brush to take away the chalk that has been left on the surface. A pretty white felt is trimmed with creamy French lace lined with white satin, and put on in

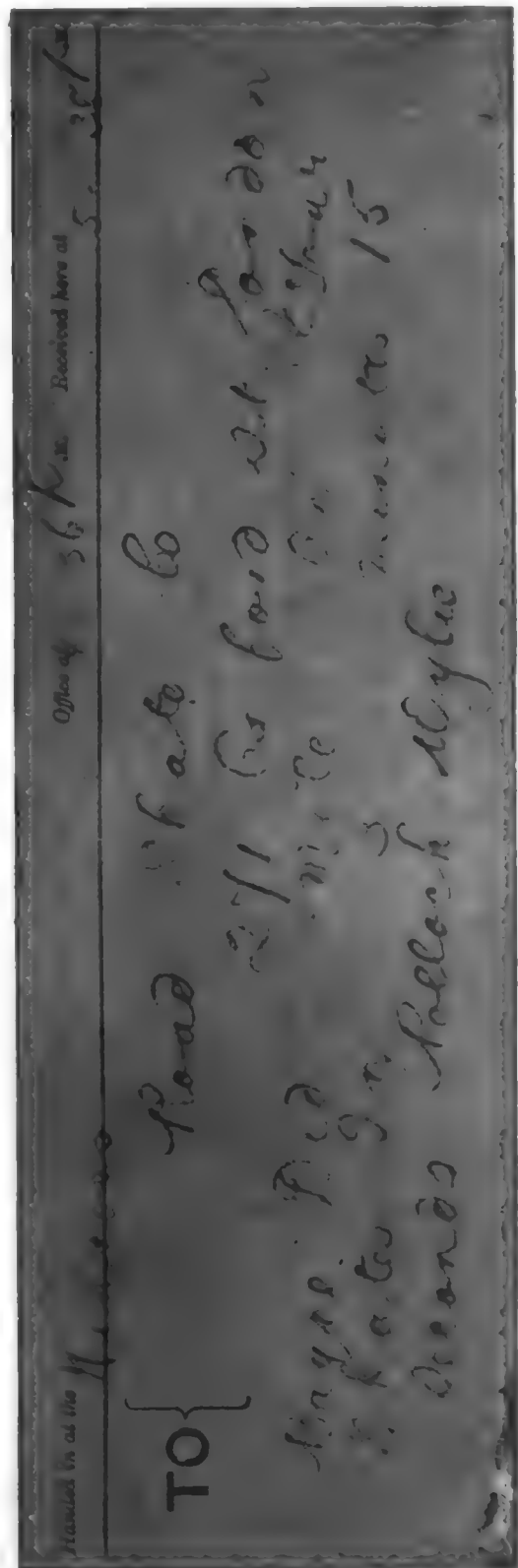
large bows. A narrow band of vivid green velvet is drawn sharply round the base of the brim, and there are knots of Neapolitan violets above and below the brim.

Bonnets are made with ample crowns and full trimmings in front, and are, indeed, larger than they have been for some time. One in green mirror velvet

# NEW RITTER ROAD SKATE.

THE FASHIONABLE PASTIME.

**Road Skating.**—A Graceful and Exhilarating Exercise. Easy to learn, and absolutely safe. The construction of the skate being so mechanically perfect and balanced to the movements of the skater, that it is practically impossible to fall. Any hill can be safely ascended or descended upon these skates. A speed of 18 miles per hour can be attained on any ordinary road, as evidenced by the telegram reproduced below from Mr. Pollock Wylie, Hon. Sec. Scottish Branch, National Skating Association of Great Britain.



Can be thoroughly learned in an hour or two's practice by even those who have no knowledge of skating. Can be SEEN and TRIED ON at the SHOWROOMS of the

**ROAD SKATE COMPANY, 271, Oxford Street, W.**

in two shades has its flat, loose crown trimmed with sequins. Round the face are three ruffles of velvet, two of light green and one of dark green in the middle. Three black plumes at one side supply the necessary sable touch without which nothing seems complete

crown, and a brim narrow at the right side, and turned up high at the left side. High plumes rise at the left, and another set appears from under the brim and falls over the hair behind. It resembles somewhat the riding hat worn by Di Vernon in ancient prints, and has

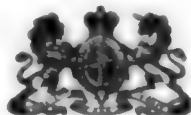


"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA"

nowadays. A pretty little toque with a sequined crown has a vivid green bird of Paradise seated on the brim, while its tail waggles all over the crown. An extensive trimming of green ribbons and velvet completes a hat which is admirable as a caricature of present fashions. Another unique hat unites a huge

been fittingly named "The Amazon Hat." Plenty of pretty hats less startling are to be had, and the principal features are high crowns and lots of feathers. Flowers seem to be less used than for some time past. Loose crowns of cloth or velvet not too full, and not very high, and tilted at one side with a

BY ROYAL



LETTERS PATENT.

∴ FOR THE LIGHTING ∴  
OF  
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# THE ARCTIC LAMP *for Candles*

IS UNDENIABLY THE SAFEST AND  
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THE ARCTIC LAMP is in reality a metal tube, so constructed that when in use it has the exact appearance of a fine wax candle; it is made on the same principle as a carriage or reading lamp, in which the candle is forced up as it burns by means of a spiral spring inside the tube, the advantages of this being that there is absolutely no waste, and the candles cannot gutter or topple over, so setting fire to the ornamental shade, now universally used to subdue the light, the shade support being a fixture. The Lamps are instantly extinguished, without smoke or smell, by means of an extinguisher attached to the shade support. They are so arranged that they will fit in any candlestick or sconce, and, looking like ordinary candles, are adaptable for the Lighting of Dinner and Card Tables, Ball rooms, Conservatories, Bed Rooms, &c., especially in Country Houses, or places abroad, where gas or electric light are not obtainable.

## PRICES, COMPLETE WITH SHADE SUPPORT, &c.

6in. Size of 6's Wax Candle, Brass Fittings, 9s. 0d.      Plated, 10s. 6d. per pair.  
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H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.      H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenburg.  
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The Countess of Home.      The Baroness D'Erlanger.      The Baroness O'Wrangel, &c.

*And are used in the Leading Hotels and Clubs in England and Abroad, thus testifying to their GREAT ADVANTAGES over unprotected candles.*

They can be obtained through any of the leading Silversmiths, Lamp Dealers, or Furnishing Ironmongers, in the United Kingdom, or can be seen in use at the Showrooms

**The ARCTIC LIGHT CO.,**      179, REGENT STREET,  
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Illustrated Pamphlet and Catalogue on application.

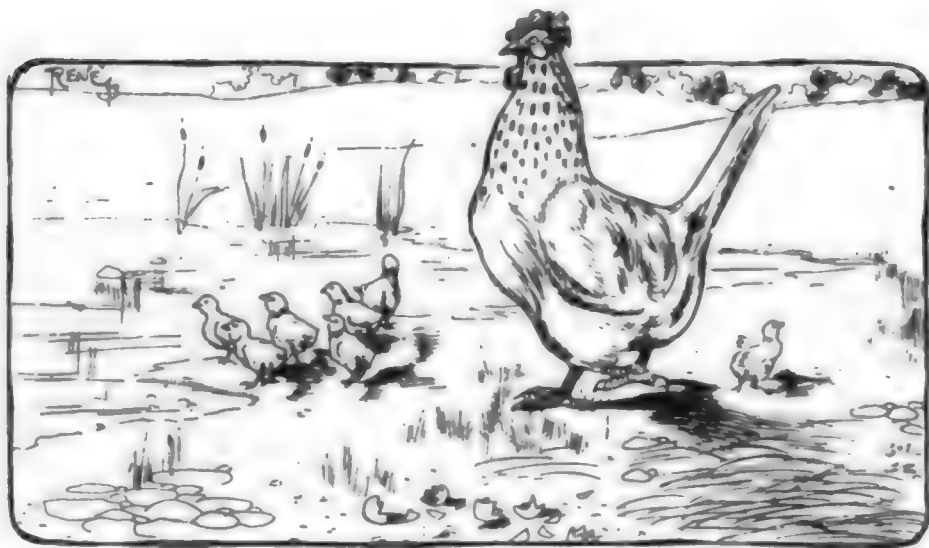
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feather, are much worn on knock-about hats. A red cloth crown and a black velvet brim, with a high grey and white wing at one side, make a very useful hat. The new toques have narrow high crowns, sometimes of straw, and sometimes of velvet. Chenille hats are a novelty, but are not very pretty, and distinctly unprofitable. Red is largely used in millinery, and the flame and poppy tints are both fashionable and effective.

Road skating is like to have a vogue : and that at no distant date. Among ladies, indeed, this form of skating cannot fail to become one of the most fashionable of pastimes, since it is a pleasurable, graceful, and withal fascinating exercise. The Ritter Road Skate — of English manufacture—is well-nigh ideal in the matter of construction. It is arranged with fixings similar to those of the celebrated "Acme Ice Skates," and has the additional advantage of a leg-guard, which affords great support to the foot and ankle, so that even the most timid novice need have no fear. Adjustable ball bearings and an automatic brake are likewise brought into requisition in the construction of the "Ritter." Specimens can always be seen at the show-rooms of the Road Skate Company, 271, Oxford Street, W.

During the fine weather you shun the house as though every moment therein robbed you of some treasure. But in the autumn succeeds a mood calm and rational, wherein you deem it not wholly unworthy to occupy your leisure hours in pleasant indoor amusements. For the inclement weather has prevented all save the sturdiest from enjoying the pleasures of the open. Thus the piano must, for a while, replace the cycle as the servant of your pleasure. "Music hath charms," and with such excellent provision as has been made by Messrs. Chappell and Co., one were indeed hard to please who would not gladly lend ear. This firm, which has ever been noted for the untiring energy wherewith it has striven after improvement, may justly lay claim to the highest skill in manufacture. Thus the pianos now on view at 50, New Bond Street, W., are at once remarkable for elegance of design as for excellence of tone. Experience has proved that durability is also combined with the other qualities. You should not fail of paying a visit of inspection ere the Christmas rush comes—especially to see and hear "The New Piano," which produces a vastly increased volume of sound compared to the ordinary instrument.





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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

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PREVENTS the DECAY of the Teeth.

*Renders the Teeth Pearly White.*

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from  
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Is Perfectly HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

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For improving all kinds of Patent Leather and Glace Kid.



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Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.



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No. 7. VOL. II. (New Series). .: MAY, 1896.

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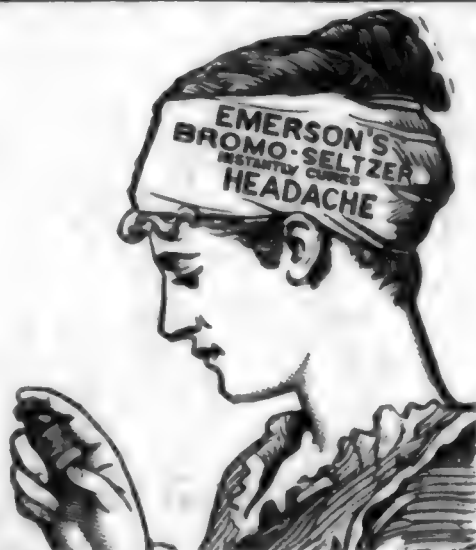


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**SOZODONT,**  
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will sweeten the breath all day.  
**SOZODONT**  
keeps the teeth, lips, and gums  
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cleanses the teeth and the spaces  
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In Toilet Case, complete, 2s. 6d.  
Be sure of having **SOZODONT.**



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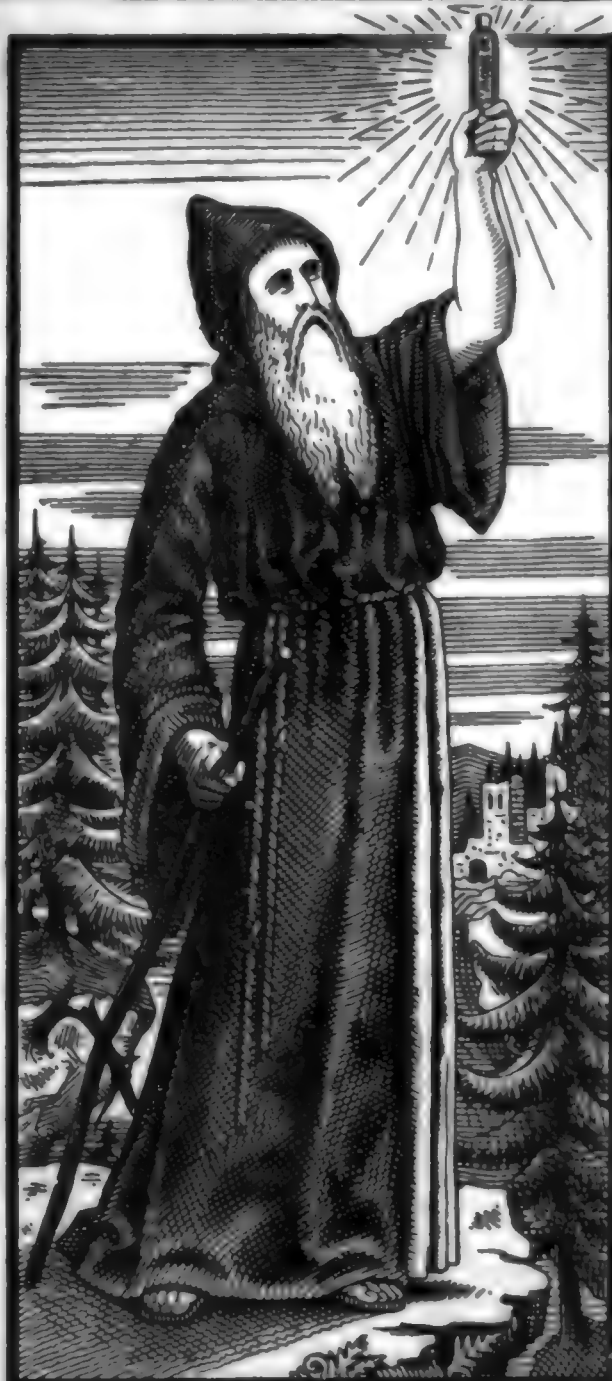
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**S**T. JACOBS OIL, in Yellow Wrappers, as supplied by us to the Imperial Stables of Russia, and to the trade generally for use on Horses, Cattle, and Dogs, is the same as that for Human use, except that it is stronger, more penetrating, and is not so perfectly clear in colour as that in White Wrappers for human use.



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SORENESS.  
STIFFNESS.  
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CHEST COLDS.  
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BACKACHE.  
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And all Bodily Aches and Pains.  
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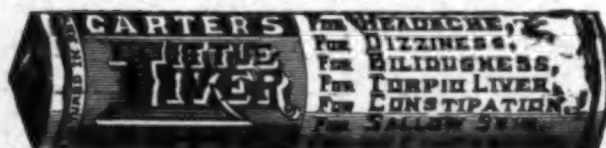
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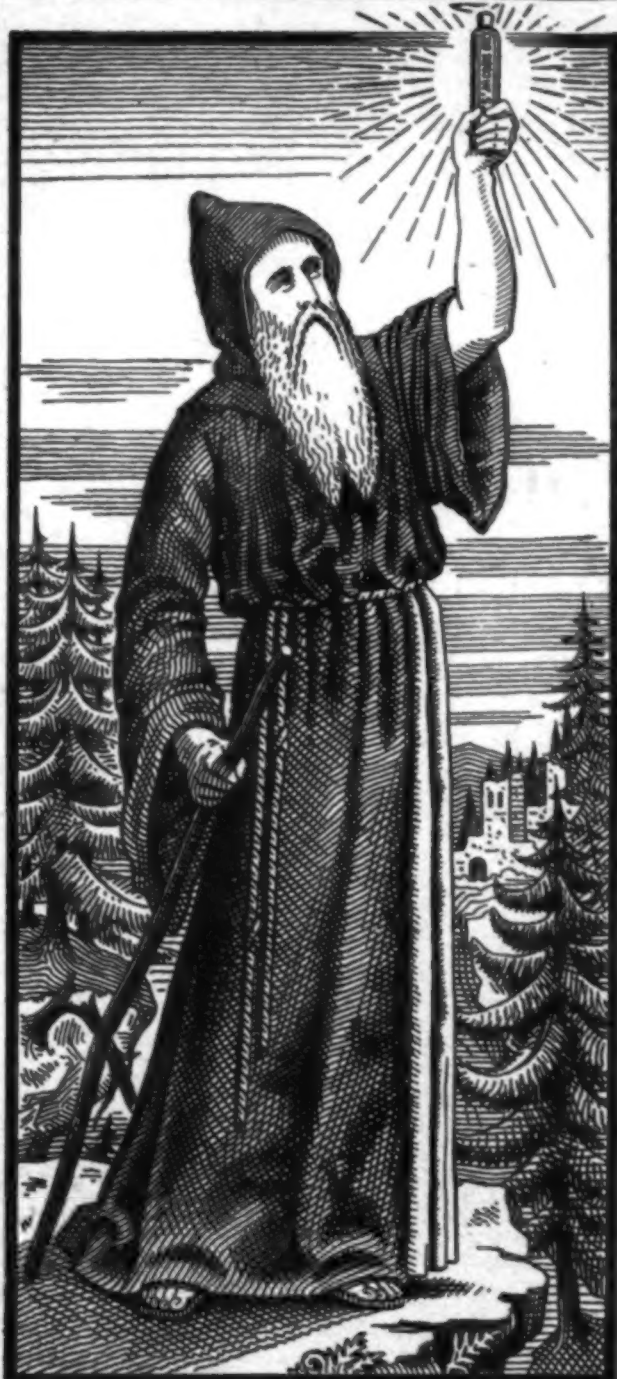
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## URES

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SPRAINS.

STRAINS. BRUISES.

SORENESS.

STIFFNESS.

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